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FATHER ISAAC JOGUES AND HIS COMPANIONS.

Concluded from p. 526.

SUSPENSE now possessed the good father. He who had consoled others in their dying moments with the sacraments, now saw himself about to die without their aid. His only resource was the sacred Scriptures on which he meditated continually, exclaiming with the royal prophet, "unless thy law had been my meditation I had then perhaps perished in my abjection."

Sinking beneath the cruel treatment of his enemies, he was about the middle of January sent back to the village loaded with meat. The march lasted eight days, in which he suffered greatly from his wounds yet unhealed, and from the cold. While on the way he performed an act of charity, which from any but so savage a people would have secured him better treatment; a woman heavily loaded with meat and carrying her child, fell from a tree which formed a bridge over a deep and rapid stream, and would inevitably have perished had not F. Jogues leaped into the water and rescued her. But he received no reward from them: he was sent to the hunters again with a fresh load, and having fallen from mere exhaustion, they treated him with the utmost contumely and cruelty.

He was now set to nursing one who had torn out his nails, and this man experienced at his hands the most tender care, which induced him to give to F. Jogues a small fur by which his scant wardrobe was in some degree improved.

When the hunting party returned, he was still better clad, being furnished with two skins, one for a cloak and one for a bed. He also received some clothes from a Frenchman who lived with the Dutch.

He now applied himself to learn the language of the people, and as his house was the council chamber not only of the

village but of the whole region, he began to preach to the people and teach them the faith; first answering their many questions as to the sun, the moon, the ocean and its tides, then leading their minds from the creation to the Creator, and showing them the folly of their cosmogony in which they attributed the formation of the earth to a tortoise. He convinced them that the sun was no God, that Areskoui was a demon, but though easily convinced, they admitted not his teachings.

By the kindness of the old woman, to whom he had been given, he was now more at liberty, and was permitted to visit all parts of the village, encouraging and instructing the sick and the dying, baptizing the infants and the few adults who by the grace of God believed in the Christian religion. He even passed to the neighboring villages, to console the Hurons who remained steadfast to the faith in their captivity: he heard their confessions and baptized their children and instructed them, while they thanked God for his mercy in giving them in their sorrows such a comforter; who "wandered about in sheep skins, in goat skins, being in want, distressed, afflicted: of whom the world was not worthy: wandering in deserts, in mountains and in dens and in caves of the earth." (Heb. xi, 37.)

After two months thus passed, his mistress and an old man set out for a lake, four days journey off, for the purpose of catching fish. Little success attended them, a few small fish being all they took; and while the excursion lasted, they lived on the entrails of these, a food loathsome indeed, but pleasing to the father, who had been reduced to a condition which rendered even worse food acceptable.

It was now late in lent, and the solitude and the wilderness were in unison with that solemn season; and for the first time they echoed back the psalms of the royal prophet, and displayed on their ancient trees the sign of the cross and the adorable name of Him who died upon it. Father Jogues erected a little chapel, and before a cross within it he spent many hours in sweet meditation, free from the fears which had almost continually harassed him. On Tuesday in Holy Week, however, a messenger from the village came for him. The cause was this. Ten Mohawks had set out the summer before on a foray, led by the son of the medicine man who cut off F. Jogues' thumb: the rest of the summer with the fall and winter passed without any tidings of them; at last a captive said that they had been taken and put to death. The old man now demanded that the father should be given to him to adopt or torture as he should deem best: upon which a messenger was despatched for him. The good father reached the village on Maunday Thursday, and was condemned to die on the following day, the anniversary of the death of Him by whom he lived. His doom was now sealed; but before the tortures were commenced, a rumor ran that the party above mentioned were safe, and indeed before the sun had half run his course the long expected troop arrived unharmed, with twenty captives. Five of these were men, and although of a friendly nation, the Abnakis, they were put to death with the usual cruelty. Happily, Father Jogues had succeeded, by means of one who understood the Huron, in converting and baptizing them before they suffered. The governor of New France believing F. Jogues to be yet alive, rescued from the Hurons, some prisoners of the Sokokis, allies of the Iroquois; and the chief of them resolved in gratitude to obtain the father's liberation, and in April came to the villages to ransom Ondessonk: but though the Mohawks received his presents they refused to liberate the father: not however to disregard their international law he was treated with less rigor.

On the feast of Pentecost another party were put to death in the same way; and one woman was burned all over her body with torches, under the direction of the old medicine man. She was then put on a pile to be roasted alive when F. Jogues

found means to approach her, to baptize her. After her death her body was cut into pieces and sent to the different villages to be eaten; a rite somewhat resembling, except in its cannibalism, the half hanging, drawing and quartering of priests and comforters of priests, then in vogue in the English dominions. The Indians seem to have given up cannibalism in a great measure, though not entirely, through fear of offending their gods: for Father Jogues heard them in the winter, while offering two bears to Areskoui, beg pardon for their sin in neglecting so long to eat human flesh. At the same time they promised amendment.

On St. John's eve his heart was grieved by the arrival of a party with some French and Huron prisoners and scalps. Just before this, on the 9th of June, 1643, a party of Hurons carrying peltries and the *Relation* with the letters of the fathers in Huronia, were attacked and taken by the Iroquois: and on the twelfth a party of Mohawks with some naturalized Hurons attacked another party, and one of the Hurons named Joseph, (a good Catholic who had recited his beads regularly on his fingers,) escaped to the French and gave them the first intelligence of F. Jogues' condition. As war parties continually set out, composed in part of naturalized Hurons, he sent letters to his countrymen. On one of these occasions, when a party was leaving to reconnoitre fort Richelieu, a Huron of the band came and asked Father Jogues whether he did not wish to write. Although the father was not convinced of his good faith, and thought he might be disposed to entrap some Frenchmen, he trusted to their prudence in avoiding surprise, and although aware of the danger which awaited him in case any accident befell the troop, still desirous to give information to them he obtained paper and ink from the charitable Dutch, and wrote the following letter to Montmagny, the governor of Canada.

"Sir.—This is the fourth letter I have written since I have been with the Iroquois. Time and paper fail me to repeat here what I have already written at length. Couture and I are yet alive. Henry was brought in on St. John's eve: he was not beaten with clubs on entering the village as we were, nor has he had his fingers cut off like us: he is yet alive as well as all the Hurons brought into the country with him. Be on your guard on every side: new troops are always setting out, and rest assured that until fall the river will not be free from enemies: there are here near three hundred muskets and seven hundred Iroquois who are skilful in their use. They can reach Three Rivers by different streams; Fort Richelieu gives them a little more trouble but does not entirely prevent them. The Iroquois say that they who took and killed the French at Montreal would not have done this, had they heard of your friendship in delivering the Sokokis from the hands of the Algonquins. They had set out in the middle of winter, and before the news of it arrived here. Nevertheless a party has just set out and Mathurin's man* (F. Brebeuf knows him well) is their leader, as he was at our capture last year. This troop are in search of French as well as Algonquins. Let not consideration of me prevent your doing what is for the glory of God. The design of the Iroquois, as far as I can see, is to take all the Hurons if they can, and having put to death the most distinguished and a good part of the rest, to make of two but one people and one country. I have a great compassion for these poor people, many of whom are Christians, the rest catechumens and disposed for baptism. When will a remedy be applied to their misfortunes! When will they all be taken?

"I have received many letters, with the Relation, from the Hurons taken near Montreal. The Dutch have wished to ransom us, but in vain: they are now again attempting to do it, but I think with no better success. I resign myself more

* A Huron who had rescued one Mathurin from the Iroquois.

and more to remain here as long as it shall please our Lord, and not to go even when the opportunity shall present itself. My presence consoles the French, Hurons and Algonquins. I have baptized more than sixty persons, many of whom are now in heaven. This is my only consolation, and the will of God to which I most willingly unite mine. I beseech you to recommend that prayers be offered and masses said for us, and above all for him who desires to be always,

"Sir, your very humble servant,

ISAAC JOGUES,

Of the Company of Jesus."

"From the Iroquois village, 30th *June*, 1643."

The war party set out and reached fort Richelieu, and after loitering some time in the neighborhood, the Huron openly approached the fort in his canoe; supposing him to come as a bearer of some proposition, he was according to custom admitted: when he got into the fort, he said he had a letter from Father Jogues, and asked them to fire a cannon to frighten off his companions: this was done, and they fled leaving the canoe and its contents.

The letter, which from caution or from necessity was written partly in French, partly in Latin and Indian, was read with joy, mingled with sympathy for the sufferings of the good father: and was transmitted to the fathers of the society. The superior, in the *Relation* of 1642–3, in which it was published, devotes three pages to a commentary on the resignation, self-sacrifice, and devotion to the good of his brethren and the glory of God, with which every line of Father Jogues' letter is filled. Father Brebeuf and the governor wrote letters to him in reply, which were given to the Huron, but he refused to return with them, as he feared the Mohawks would put him to death: he soon after left the fort.

But to return to Father Jogues. Some Iroquois were about to visit the tributary tribes, and he was led from town to town as a trophy: but the opportunity it gave him of consoling the Huron captives repaid amply the toils of a journey of twenty leagues. On the feast of St. Ignatius he set out with a party who were going to trade with the Dutch, and afterwards to fish. While the traffic was going on at Renssalaerwyck, (Albany,) he wrote the long and interesting letter from which most of the circumstances of his captivity are drawn. It is preserved at length in Tanner, and bears date August 15th, 1643, and is written in Latin, in which he found it more easy to express those texts of Holy Writ which had been his consolation and his joy in his captivity; for the language of civilized man was now so strange to him that he found a difficulty in writing it. Having gone to the fishing ground, below the settlement on the Mohawk, he was not there long when he heard that two Hurons who had been brought in had been burned. Full of grief that he had not been there to baptize or console them in their dying moments, he asked the old woman with whom he lived, and whom, for her kindness, he called his aunt, for leave to return to the village, telling her he was tired of fishing, but in reality desiring to be present at those fearful scenes at the thought of which his very heart shuddered, that he might exercise his priestly functions. She gave him leave, and as some of the party were returning he was taken by them. When they reached the Dutch settlement, he heard that the village was in a great excitement against the French, and that they only waited his arrival to put him to death. The stake and the pile were in fact prepared. During his absence the companions of the bearer of his letter had returned, and believing that the Huron had been made a prisoner by the French, and enraged at the loss of their canoe, which contained their arms and ammunition, they demanded his death, as they attributed all their misfortunes to his letter. Unfortunately too another Mohawk party had been defeated, and the blame of this also was laid to him. Fear

for a moment seized him, but offering himself without reserve to our Lord, and resigning himself entirely to his holy will, he was proceeding on his way with the guard, when the Dutch commander, who, in obedience to the instructions of the states general, about ransoming captives, had several times endeavored to procure his release, and had improved his condition among them, came up and opened to him the means of escape. "Here," said he, "is a vessel at anchor, to sail in a couple of days; get secretly on board; she is going first to Virginia, then to Bordeaux or Rochelle." The father thanked him, but told him that it would expose the settlement to danger. "No! no!" said he, "it is a fine opportunity, go on board; you will never find a better way of escaping." Doubting whether it was not the will of God that he should expose himself to the danger of the stake and the fury of the savages, his heart was perplexed, and he replied that the matter was too important to be decided at once; "give me," said he, "to night to think it over, to recommend it to our Lord, and examine the reasons for and against it, and to-morrow morning I will give you my final resolution." In utter astonishment the officer agreed. He passed the night in prayer. Of his thoughts that night he has left us an exact account, and wonderful they are for the total disregard of self.

Goupil was martyred, Henry had escaped, and Couture, the remaining Frenchman, would make the attempt as soon as F. Jogues was out of the hands of the Mohawks. The latter being doomed to death, the Algonquin and Huron captives avoided him lest they should share his fate; so that he could no longer serve them. He determined therefore to accept the offer of the officer and fly from the storm ready to burst upon him, that when the clouds were past, he, who alone of the fathers knew the language and customs of that people, might return to undertake a mission among them.

In the morning he told the governor of his resolution, and the officer calling the master of the vessel asked him to give his assistance: he promised that if he set foot on board he should not leave it before they reached Rochelle. He was to return to his savage guard, and in the evening or during the night to reach the bank of the river, where a boat would be ready to take him to the vessel. The Mohawks at night went to sleep in a barn, and he going out to reconnoitre his route, was attacked by one of the village dogs, which were let loose at night, and was badly bitten in the leg which was bare. Returning to the barn he saw that he was suspected by his enemies, who closed the door and barred it; one of them also lay at his side to watch him more closely. He now thought all hope of escape at an end. "I sweetly complained to my God," says he, "that he had given me the thought of escaping."

All night long he lay awake; and at last the cocks crowed and day began to dawn, when to his joy a servant of the farmer entered, he knew not how; his guards were sound asleep; motioning to him to make no noise, he asked him by signs, for he was ignorant of Dutch, to quiet the dogs who surrounded the barn; and taking his little baggage, a little office of Our Lady, a Following of Christ, and a wooden cross he had made, he passed out of his prison without making any noise or awaking his jailers. He got over the fence and ran to the river. It was nearly a mile, and his leg badly wounded could not have borne him further: he found the boat, but the tide had fallen and left it high and dry; he tried in vain to move it, he then called to the vessel to send their boat, but no answer came. In a few moments the Iroquois would discover their loss; kneeling therefore he prayed to God to increase his strength, and returned to the boat, in which shortly after he was conveyed to the vessel. To hide him, the sailors put him in the hold, and to avert suspicion placed a heavy box on the hatch. For two days and nights

he was closely confined in this place, the dreadful stench of which nearly put an end to his life.

In the meantime, the Indians discovering the loss of a prisoner on whom they set so high a value, crowded into Renssalearwyck and furiously demanded his restoration, threatening the destruction of the settlement in case of a refusal. The Dutch commander was now greatly perplexed. The orders of the states general, no less than his desire to return a favor of Montmagny, determined him to retain the father, while on the other hand the Mohawks must be appeased or they would destroy the settlement, for they had supplied themselves with arms to such an extent that the Dutch were no match for them.

He accordingly on the second night sent the minister to inform F. Jogues of this, and ask him to come on shore. The sailors were not willing to give him up, but he went that night. He was put in the loft of a public store-house, where he suffered greatly from the heat, and from hunger and thirst, for he was in charge of an avaricious old man, who was not much better than a Mohawk, and so regardless of the father's safety that he took the Indians continually into the room under the loft, although the ceiling was so full of chinks that he could easily be seen. Here he remained in constant fear for six weeks, during which time his leg was attended to by the physician of the place: and from this voluntary captivity he wrote to his superior on the 30th of August. At last the commander made an arrangement with the Indians, and gave them presents to the value of one hundred pieces of gold: and the danger being now over F. Jogues was set free, accompanied by a minister who had shown him much kindness, and who seems to have been Dominic John Megalapolensis, Jr.* A volley was fired on his departure, and as he sailed down the Hudson, they wished to call an island after him, with the nautical ceremony of firing a cannon and breaking a bottle of wine.

He reached New Amsterdam and was the first priest who was ever on Manhattan island. He was kindly received by Governor Kieft who furnished him with a suit of clothes and lodged him in the fort. All the people came out to see him, and showed him great regard and compassion: and some asked him what the company of New France would give him when he returned. He smilingly told them he was in the service of God and sought no reward or recompense here below. A Pole hearing this threw himself at his feet and kissed them, calling him a holy martyr. In a house near the fort he saw two pictures on the mantel-piece, one of Our Lady and the other of St. Aloysius Gonzaga: the wife of the man of the house was a Portuguese Catholic: but he was unable to converse with her. He heard the confession of an Irishman there, who had come from Virginia, and who told the father that there were Jesuits in those countries, and that a short time before one of them following the Indians into the woods to convert them, had been killed by other Indians enemies of those whom the father accompanied.*

The vessel on which F. Jogues had first set sail, had long since departed: another was about to sail to Holland, and in this he embarked on the fifth of November, taking leave of his kind friends and bearing a letter of Governor Kieft, recommending him to the charity of those he might meet, and especially requesting Dutch officers to aid him in reaching France. It was a small vessel of fifty tons burthen, and on Christmas eve having been driven in at Falmouth, England, the Dutch went on shore to refresh them-

* The author of the account of the Maquaas Indians, in Hayzard's Collections, vol. i, p. 517. See Dr. De Witt's paper in proceedings of N. Y. Historical Society for 1844, p. 65.

* Of this Jesuit I find nothing more in any of my authorities, and others better versed in our history have been unsuccessful in discovering any trace of him. He must have been one of the Maryland fathers and have been killed in the Indian war which broke out in 1642. See vol. 4 of this Magazine, p. 786, *note*.

selves, leaving F. Jogues and a boy on board. During their absence, the vessel was invaded by robbers who plundered it, and took from the father the hat and cloak which the Dutch had given him. While they were endeavoring to recover their property, he saw a French collier near and went up to his vessel. Supposing the father to be an ordinary beggar he threw him a piece of money, but as he remained he gave him another, when F. Jogues told him that he was a Jesuit. The collier then took him into his vessel and he reached Lower Brittany between Brest and St. Paul de Leon on Christmas day, in time to hear mass. He went to confession and received the holy communion with inexpressible joy: a joy which after so long a privation was to him a prelude of the eternal joys of heaven.

The people here received him kindly, supposing him to be a poor Catholic flying from Ireland; but when they discovered that he was a priest and a fellow-countryman, they charitably gave him all the little alms their poverty could afford, and an honest trader took him in and paid his fare to Rennes, which he reached on the 5th of January. Here he went to the Jesuit college, and knocking asked for the rector, saying he had come from Canada: the lay-brother did not recognize him and taking him to the place for the poor who used to stop there, went to inform the rector. He was just commencing to vest himself for mass, but at the word Canada he ran down to see the person; and his first question was, do you know any thing of Father Jogues? The father handed him Kieft's letter, which he read and exclaimed, where is he? A smile upon the visiter's face caused him to scrutinize him more narrowly, when he recognized him and rushed into his arms.

His captivity had lasted more than a year, and in that time he had baptized seventy persons, most of whom were infants, some of them adults, among whom was a kind Mohawk who had released him when he was hung up by the arms. When on his death-bed he saw F. Jogues passing he called him in, and the latter on discovering who he was bestowed on him a favor far greater than that which he had received.

His hands were so mutilated that he was canonically disabled from saying mass. Mindful of the end for which he had resolved to escape from the Mohawks his first care was to obtain from the sovereign pontiff permission to celebrate with his mutilated hands. For this purpose he proceeded to Paris, and among his first acts was the transmission to New Amsterdam of his ransom. He was so dead to himself that he thought himself unworthy of the habit of his order, and regarded all his sufferings as an imperfect discharge of his duty, because in them he had been too desirous of being put to death: above all he dreaded to speak of his captivity or show his wounds, and when the queen mother wished to see him, he repeatedly declined, and went to court only upon the command of his superior. She kissed his wounded hands and expressed her compassion at the marks of Indian cruelty which he bore on his person.

When the pope was petitioned to grant him the dispensation, he did so without hesitation, exclaiming, "*Indignum esse Christi martyrem Christi non bibere sanguinem.*" *It would be unbecoming for a martyr of Christ not to drink the blood of Christ.*

His position now was one of extreme delicacy. Flattered, esteemed, and courted by all, one less deeply grounded in humility might have listened to the thought, that he was disabled, or at least required repose. But his extraordinary humility triumphed.

There being no obstacle to his return to his field of labor, after a four months stay in his native land, he went in the spring of 1644 to Rochelle, and soon after his arrival there set sail on the 16th of May for Montreal. It does not appear that he attempted to return to Huronia: he probably remained at Montreal reposing as it were in the ordinary duties of a priest.

Soon after his arrival a general peace was proposed, to include the French and their allies on the one side, and the Iroquois and their confederates on the other. In 1646 deputies were sent to the Five Nations, and as he had learned the language of the Mohawks and had scattered the seeds of life there, he earnestly desired peace that a mission might be established. He obtained of the governor permission to accompany the deputies, on his solemn promise to return. By the advice of the Algonquins he laid aside his habit, and did not preach to the people, restricting himself to baptizing the children and confessing the Christians. He set out on the 15th of May from Three Rivers with Sieur Bourdon, an engineer of Montreal, and on the 18th, the eve of Pentecost, embarked on the Sorel or River of the Iroquois. The company consisted besides of four Mohawks and two young Algonquins, with presents. On the eve of Corpus Christi they reached the bottom of the lake which joins Champlain, which the Iroquois called Andiatarocté, which means the place where the lake closes. Father Jogues named it Saint Sacrement.* On the same festival they left that pride of our lakes, and at six leagues from it passed the river Oiogué, as the Indians called the upper part of the Hudson. Their provisions failing, the guides left the road to the towns to pass by a fishing station called Ossaragué, for the purpose of obtaining assistance. Here he found a Huron girl who had been educated by the Ursulines, and had, it seems, been taken prisoner with him. He heard her confession, and proceeded to the Mohawk castle by the way of Fort Orange, reaching Osserion (or Oneugrouré) the first village, on the 13th of June. Many of the Mohawks came to him and begged his forgiveness for their ill treatment. On the 15th he assembled the people of the village which he called Holy Trinity, and addressed them, giving them presents and telling the joy of the world at the peace they were making. His address was listened to with attention as was also that of the Algonquins which he interpreted.

Sanguine now as to the practicability of a mission, he determined to return among these Indians, and leaving his chest behind he set out on the 16th without waiting for his companions. His superiors soon partook of his enthusiasm which led them to determine on a permanent mission there, to be styled the "Mission of the Martyrs." There could be little hesitation as to the choice of the founder of the mission, and F. Jogues mentions in a letter to a near friend in France, that he would probably be selected. He adds that he is aware of the danger; for if any disturbance should occur between the different parties to the peace, his life would be forfeited. "Believe me," he continues, "while I think of this mission, I say constantly to myself '*Ibo et non redibo.*' *I will go and will not return.*"

He was with the Indians engaged in his spiritual exercises, when his superior's letter reached him. He had desired for a companion a good, tractable and patient man, full of courage, and of desire to suffer for the glory of God. Such a man was John Lalande of Dieppe. They set out together on the 24th of September, but had not proceeded far when rumors came that the wonderful peace had been broken. His companions refused to proceed, and though doubts as to the good faith of the Mohawks occurred to him, he and Lalande fearlessly advanced. Ignorance of the road added to their toils; they reached the Mohawk castle Andagoron, being that of the division of the Bear, on the 17th of October, when they were at once seized and stripped by the savages, who threatened them with fists and clubs, exclaiming, "you shall die to-morrow; do not be astonished, we will not burn you; take courage, we will tomahawk you and put your heads on the palisades, that your brothers may see you yet, when we take

* How sad to think that a name so venerable, given too by a martyr on the way to his triumph, should ever give place to the name of an English king of the house of Hanover!

them." This was the only answer they gave to his inquiries as to the change. He appealed to them to remember the treaty with the French, their oaths, their solemn promises and invitations: but an ominous silence prevailed.

He now prepared Lalande and himself for death. The next day not a word was spoken to them nor was any food given to them. At night an apostate Huron came and bade F. Jogues follow him to his cabin, pretending that he was about to give him something to eat: as the father was entering, a Mohawk sprang from behind the door and drove his tomahawk into his head; the martyr fell instantly dead. His head was cut off and fixed on the palisades, and his body was flung into the river; and in the morning Lalande met with a similar treatment.

The crops having been blighted they supposed that his chest contained the devil who had devoured them; for this reason, they assured the Dutch minister, they had put him to death. A letter of Governor Kieft dated November 14th, inclosing one of a settler at Albany to Sieur Bourdon dated October 30th, bore to Canada the news of his death.

Thus fell the proto-martyr of New York on the 18th of October, 1646. Father Jogues was naturally of a quick, blunt temper, but he was ever distinguished for an unconquerable patience and profound humility, which induced him to beg his companions at all times to instruct him in the rules of religious perfection, just as if he were a novice. He also possessed an ardent love for his neighbor: and though he esteemed himself a coward he was regarded as a rock. Words cannot tell his deep devotion to our Lord in the holy sacrament, before which he would spend hours in transports of a perfect love, and from which he gained strength to overcome himself and the world, and to regard as nothing torments and bodily suffering. He was especially devoted to the holy cross, and after his death a litany of the holy cross was found among his papers. Doubtless the words of the *Stabat Mater*,

> Fac me plagis vulnerari,
> Cruce hac inebriari,
> Obamorem filie,

were often used by him, so applicable are they to his situation.

Many favors were obtained by his intercession, and even the conversion of his murderer. On receiving the news of his triumph, his superior celebrated not a mass for the dead, but a mass of thanksgiving, While Father Jogues was in France he left a pair of gloves accidentally at a convent in Angers. A religious named Maria Prevosterie having been seized with a swelling in one of her legs, accompanied by so high a fever that her life was despaired of, the pain depriving her of rest night and day, Margaret Poussin, the superior, recollecting the gloves of the martyr, resolved to have recourse to that servant of God, and the sick woman in the evening applied them for an instant to her leg, firmly hoping that by his intercession she would recover. The pain during the night increased wonderfully, but at three o'clock in the morning the fever, the pain and the swelling so completely ceased, that she arose from her bed like one in health, and went into the choir to return thanks to God. She was entirely free from disease and never experienced another attack of it except on the next anniversary, from which she recovered on renewing her thanksgiving to God.

This miracle is narrated by Father Du Creux in his history, printed in 1664, on the authority of a certificate of ten religious, confirmed by the superior of the Jesuit College at Saintonge.

J. D. S.

For the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY RECEIVING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS FROM THE CARMELITE CONVENT.

Aye! ye have breathed the convent air,
Sweet, simple, lovely flowers,
The incense of perpetual prayer,
That hovered round your bowers.

And eyes have gazed upon your bloom,—
Eyes pure as is the dew
That in your scented cups found room
Heaven's azure dome to view.

Teresa's daughters o'er ye bowed,
God's wond'rous work to praise,
And see, amidst ye, as a cloud,
Teresa's soul displayed.

"Narcissus" like, she bowed her head
To gaze on life's dark stream,
And saw, as on the waters sped,
The phantoms of a dream.

A dream of pomp, and power, and pride,
A dream of joy and wo,——
She saw, and to such life she died,
Another life to know.

For ah! she saw reflected there,
A God, a heaven, her soul,
And died to life that heaven to share,
That spirit to control.

The "Heart's Ease" then was image meet
The saint to typify,
A flower, blood-purpled, perfumed sweet,
And glorious to God's eye.

The "Rose" of tenderest *love* she gave,
To Him who gave her all,
Who, loving her, had died to save
From sin's most burdening thrall.

Devotion's flower she cherished there
Within her heart of hearts,
Sweet "Heliotrope," of fragrance rare,
Whose bloom such joy imparts.

The Christian's surest hope through all,
Humility, was spread,——
That, like the "Grass," whate'er befall,
Lives though all else be dead.

And as the "Woodbine" in its cell
Hath honied stores amassed,
Peace in her pure heart spreads its spell,
Our Lord's best gift and last.

V. S.

May 14th, 1848.

SHANDY M'GUIRE.

Shandy McGuire; or Tricks upon Travellers: being a Story of the North of Ireland. By Paul Peppergrass, Esq. N. York: E. Dunigan & Brother. Part I, pp. 168.

HAVE already directed attention to the merits of this production, so far as it has been published, and have expressed the opinion that it contains a considerable amount of useful information, with a fund of humor which cannot fail to make it acceptable to a large number of readers. The sound Catholic tone which pervades the story is its most commendable feature, and justifies the belief that it may be perused, not only without injury, but with decided advantage. With the exception of a certain obscurity which envelopes the tale, but which is almost invariably the attendant of a plot which embraces a great diversity of incident, it ranks high

in a literary point of view. The author evinces a great deal of ability in the delineation of character, the description of scenery, and the narrative of events. His personages appear before us with a life-like form, and he relates such portions of history as bear upon his subject, with a vigor and truthfulness which please while they instruct. This interspersing of useful information throughout the story has been very happily introduced, and judiciously distributed. Instruction and amusement succeed each other at those proper intervals, which prevent the mind from growing weary, either with one or the other. The attention is sustained by a wise combination of incident and reflection, which keep up the interest of the story, and impart to it upon the whole a character which places it in our estimation far above any other class of humorous productions.*

But our object in referring again to the work before us, is not so much to enter into a minute criticism of its contents, as to afford those among our readers, who may not yet have perused it, an opportunity of judging for themselves of its merits. The author's aim is to depict the relations which have existed, and still exist, more or less, in the north of Ireland, between the Catholic population and their Protestant oppressors, and to illustrate the fanciful mode in which the Irish are sometimes led to avenge their wrongs. For this purpose a series of incidents is introduced, which furnish occasion for playing a variety of "tricks upon travellers," in which a certain Shandy McGuire figures conspicuously.

"Every one knew Shandy. He was indeed a universal favorite, full of dry humor, and fond of "devilment in every shape," though he never permitted a single feature of his face to betray the pleasurable emotions he experienced. He visited every fair and market, wake and wedding, christening and burial, for twenty miles round. He was master of ceremonies at wakes, chief mourner at funerals, sang his own songs, cracked his own jokes at weddings, and was sponsor at the christenings for more children than any other man in the parish. He could recite whole pages of Pastorini, and as for Columbkill's prophecies, he had them all at his fingers' ends. Shandy was now about thirty-five years of age, far below the middle size, but thick-set, and of a very staid and solemn figure. His hair was black, long and curly, and his face long, sallow, and demure as that of a grand-vizier. His dress, which we must not forget, was rather old fashioned for a man of his years and pursuits. His stockings were gray, over which a black velvet shorts descended to the calf of the leg, and were there confined by a bunch of respectable green ribbons. His coat, of a brown rusty black, was one of the swallow-tailed species, reaching down almost to the ankles, where the skirts oscillated from side to side, with a velocity varying directly as the moving body within. Imagine, therefore, gentle reader, that you see this same personage moving under a broad-brimmed hat, his arms to the elbows thrust into his coat pockets, and strutting down, with a solemn air, from the king's high-road to Nancy Kelly's "shebeen," and you will be introduced with all the formality necessary for a first introduction, to the scripturian of the parish, the hero of these pages, and one of the drollest and best-natured Irishmen from Horn-head to Cape Clear."

After the usual salutations had passed between Mrs. Kelly and her new visiter, with some conversation upon the state of the country, she hastened to show him a letter which she had picked up in her cabin, just before his arrival. The dialogue which ensued is highly humorous and characteristic.

"I'm goin' to try ye, Shandy, I'm tould yer a great scholar."

"Well," he replied, with a scarcely perceptible smile, which, indeed, even on the most exciting occasions, he was never known to exceed; "well, every thing a body hears isn't true, for all that."

"Oh, but the world says ye ir."

"Pooh, half i' the world niver heard i' me yit, woman."

"They say it's past believin' what larnin' ye have."

"Indeed, then, I can't say, nor I won't say it, Nancy; but I have a great leanin' to pelite litherathur."

"You an' Bob Craig had a discoorse

* See last number of this Magazine, *Literary Notices*.

down in Peggy Sharkey's, on Sunday last, 'am tould," said the widow inquiringly.

"Pugh," muttered Shandy, in a low stealthy contemptuous tone, "pugh! Bob Craig; hout woman, that was only child's play—jist givin' him an insight into what he might expect; och, I wasn't hard on him; no, no, the crathur, I give it to him as easy as I could. But I wonder, neighbor," he continued, throwing himself back in the chair, and speaking with more dignity, "I wondher ye'd be after evnin me to Bob Craig, to sich a fellow as that. If he was a minister, or even a Bible reader, ye might be talkin'. He hasn't dived as deep into the larnin' as 'Good-soul' yet; an' I surely give him as much as ought to do him for a month i' Sundays to come. When a man has genies, Mrs. Kelly, it 'll show itself, though I oughtn't to praise myself. Well, as for 'Good-soul,'* I can't say but he done middlin' at the scriptur, sich as he had, that's ye know in quotin' what he didn't understan' a *traneen* about; but whin I tuck him in the Haybrew, maybe I didn't bag him while ye'd be fillin' a glass. Ay, its all right enough, when ye let them tear away at the Bible, repeatin' it over like parrots; but whin ye ask them what it manes, or when ye bring them into the deep languages, ye'll smother them all at once."

"An' what's the Haybrew, Mr. M'Guire?" inquired Nancy, her admiration for the scripturian evidently increasing.

"What is it? och, och, poor woman," he replied, "it's good for ye, ye know little about it."

"Why—is there any harm in knowin' it?"

"Harm—well no, no harm, set in case you cud bear it, but it's not ivery brain cud stan' it. I'll tell you what it is, Nancy, it set sore enough on myself to master it—jist nick an' go—an' if I wusn't one out av a thousand, it's maybe mad through the mountains I'd be wanderin'; och, the Haybrew's a dangerous thing to have any dealins with, even for larned people—let alone you, or the likes o' ye."

"An' what is it at all?" inquired the widow, earnestly, rolling up her arms in her apron, and looking steadfastly in his face; "what is it?"

"Why, it's the dead langige," replied Shandy.

"The dead langige, humph! an' was it in that ye sacked the minister?"

"Well, so they say," and here he gave a very self-complacent shadow of a smile.

* A Bible reader.

"An' what might it be lake?" said Nancy, drawing up her chair nearer to her friend, for her curiosity was now considerably excited.

"Fegs, it's lake nothin' I know, Nancy, if it isn't yerself."

"Lake me?"

"Ay, jist lake you, an' no discredit it's to you, either, to be lake it, seein' there's no Protestan' goin' cud stand three words av it. I'd lake to hear them tell me what's the manin' of Urim and Thummim."

"Well, sure, 'am ablidged, Mr. M'Guire, but how is it lake me?"

"Why, then, Nancy I'll tell ye; it's old an' full o' wrinkles and spots, like one that had the small-pox." The widow was taken completely by surprise.

"Musha bad luck to yer imperence, Shandy," she retorted, tying the ribbons of her cap under her chin still tighter, and moving back her chair, "bad luck to yer imperence, but it's well come up with ye. Hah! that's not bad, to be sure; an' wusn't I young once, young enough when yer ould uncle, lame Mickey, us't to be afther me—when I wudn't look at the same side o' the road with him: ay, d'ye hear that, Mr. M'Guire; I was young once, 'am thinkin'."

"Oh! begorra, an' so was that same 'am talkin' av," replied he, with little attention to the old woman's anger; "but lake yerself, Nancy, it's a long time ago; an' by the powers, it's lake ye more ways than one, for it was iver contrary and hard to manage, an' then there was so many turns and twists in it, an' sich a deludher—bad cass to me if iver I see it, but I be thinkin' iv the times long ago, after Barney died, when Ned Doherty us't to be sendin' me up to ye with the tokens."

"Whisht, ye divil!" interrupted Nancy, rising up and running to the dresser, "whisht this minit, or 'all throw the dish-cloth at ye; yer niver at aise, but whin yer at some divilment. It's fitter ye'd be makin' yer sowl, than claverin' about them things."

Again the widow resumed her seat, and remonstrated with her friend on the folly of his ways. She assured him that such reminiscences were by no means agreeable to her. She was now old and alone in the world, and had enough to perplex her without recurring to old stories."

The above is but a specimen of the rich humor which abounds in the work before us. The author is not less happy in depicting scenes of a more grave and

solemn character. In the following passage, where a Protestant minister and his family are introduced, the reader will recognize something not very different from what is witnessed nearer at home.

"It was the eve of the October fair. The family at the Moor was comfortably seated round the fire in the drawing-room. The rector, himself, reclining in his easy-chair, his feet resting on a cushion before the fender, was occupied in the agreeable task of picking his teeth after a sumptuous dinner. He was very happy at that moment. Happy to think he had a thousand a year from his parish, to furnish the luxuries of his table; and still more happy, when he reflected, that his only son Archibald, then at his elbow, was already provided for, in the influential and important agency of Colonel Templeton, the gentleman already spoken of in the second chapter, and the second wealthiest commoner in the British parliament. These, certainly, were thoughts to make any man's heart glad.

"Opposite his reverence sat his wife, an English lady, and at her side his maiden sister, Miss Cantwell, both, as it may readily be supposed, in the "sere and yellow;" and, if one could judge from looks, might have been launched on the current of life together. Be that as it may, the *personnage*, not only of the two ladies, but of each and every member of that interesting and pious family, was wonderfully alike—indeed, so very much so, that it is quite sufficient to say, one was tall, dark, thin, (very thin,) and ascetic, and all the rest were like that one, or rather, (deprived as we are of the pencil of George Cruikshank,) let us substitute an illustration from Death and Dr. Hornbook:—

> "Faint a' wame (they) had ava',
> An' then (their) shanks
> They war' as thin an' sharp an' sma'
> As cheeks o' branks."

"I trust," said the head of the family, at length wiping his toothpick, his countenance assuming a grave cast as he spoke, "I trust we shall have no disturbance at the fair to-morrow."

"I trust not," quietly replied his wife.

"It's nearly time now, my dear, we had a little peace, after a whole year's warring with these unfortunate people."

"I fear," said the lady, knitting her stocking, and speaking in a melancholy tone, "I fear there will be little peace, while these ribbonmen are permitted to remain in the country. The very thought of them is terrifying."

"Permitted, my dear," repeated her husband, "you surely cannot justly call it permission, when we have already done all that our relations with the church and the government require of us to exterminate them. If they have escaped us, we are not to blame."

"Not you, father, to be sure, nor the magistracy in general," interposed Archibald the agent, "but the enactment itself is to blame. It is not sufficiently comprehensive; were it to regard the abettors of ribbonism as it does the members of the society, we soon would have a peaceable neighborhood. The priest, I am informed, said in town no later than yesterday, that he feared the provocation his hearers were daily receiving, would soon make matters still worse. That's loyalty and allegiance for you."

"Have you seen this priest lately," inquired Mrs. Cantwell, addressing her husband with evident sarcasm in the tone.

"Not very lately, my dear, I believe."

"I've been told, sir, he insulted you a few days ago—in fact, laughed at you—laughed at you contemptuously on the public street, Mr. Cantwell. Pray is it so?"

"Insulted *me*, my dear," said her spouse, endeavoring to smile, "oh, no; that he certainly would not dare to do—he knows if I cannot punish with the pistol or the sword, I have still the statutes of Queen Anne at my service."

"But you want the spirit to enforce them," bitterly rejoined the lady.

"Let me explain, my dear."

"Oh, shame, shame, Mr. Cantwell! I hate explanations. I never thought," she continued, her anger rising as she spoke, and leaving her chair for a seat on the sofa opposite, where she threw herself, averting her face in evident scorn, "I once little thought my lot would be cast among a merciless people, and with a husband incapable of protecting his own honor."

"Hear me for a moment, Isabella," exclaimed the minister, "why, this is intolerable; you have been grievously misinformed. The truth of the matter is simply this. Your own son, whom you dote upon so much, Archibald there, has been somehow accused of an affair with—I don't remember her name—that young woman, at whose interment I would not suffer the priest to read the funeral service in canonicals. Well, this same priest presumed to speak to me a few days ago, and—"

"And insult you too, sir," added the lady, turning to her husband with a sneer that plainly told how keenly she felt the fancied indignity offered him by a priest.

"I beg, my dear, you will have one moment's patience, and let me—"

"What right, sir," she demanded, rising again, and passing up and down the apartment, with little attention to her husband's remonstrance, "what right has the priest to address you on such a subject? If Archibald be guilty of this charge, why he is greatly to blame. But is the crime irreparable? One would suppose, sir, in this savage land, the loss of a peasant girl's reputation was some great national evil—so much is it talked of! that this wretched people valued it higher than ever did England that of her greatest and proudest peeresses—her Bl——tons, her C—ng—ms, and her Port—ths. I can have no patience with this intolerable pride!"

"Think, now, my dear," when at length he could make himself heard, and speaking in a calm, but reproving voice, "think how unseemly this passion is—how very unseemly—how unlike what you ought to be. If a stranger saw you now in this burst of passionate feeling—or anger, I should rather call it—"

"And if he did, sir," she replied, elevating her voice still higher, "you are there to explain the cause—to tell him, sir, that the indignation of the wife is caused by the pusillanimity of the husband. Yes, sir, I should not feel at all surprised, if I saw this same priest walk in here, sir, and horsewhip you at your own fireside."

"Very well, my dear," sighed his reverence, with a feeling of resignation to the ills of married life, "very well, I can't prevent you."

"Ha! ha!" she cried, after a moment's breath, and looking scornfully on her patient and loving spouse, "ha! ha! and where are all the converts you made? Yes, you got their names to send to the Kildare-street Society; but where are the converts themselves? Ha! ha!" she ejaculated again; "you have had ten new pews built in church for their accommodation—who occupies them? Yes, sir, the priest may laugh at you, and insult you too."

During this last philipic, the rector had taken up "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," by his namesake, and seemed to be attentively occupied in turning over the pages, as if looking for something in which he took interest. Miss Rebecca was reading the last annual, and Archibald sat twirling his thumbs, his feet stretched out before him, and glancing under his dark eyebrows from one to the other of the disputants. At length he laid his hand on his mother's arm, as she passed him, and said,

"Mother, you are, indeed, excessively severe—there is no need of these hot words. Your zeal for religion makes you forget charity, its leading virtue. If I am to blame in this trifling affair, I am willing to bear the consequences. I believe I am sufficiently responsible for my own acts."

"It's no credit, sir, let me tell you," said his father, sharply, turning his chair and pushing the footstool violently from under his feet; "no, sir, it's no credit to any man to be responsible for disreputable acts. Pagh! sir, your father's name should be a check on your vicious inclinations."

"Well, but consider, sir, mine is not an isolated case—liberties are certainly permitted, or rather, I should have said, excusable in men of my rank and station."

"Oh, do cease this folly, Archy, dear," interposed Rebecca, coaxingly; "do let us talk of something more interesting. I have heard the committee is to meet at the lodge* to-morrow night. Is it not so?"

"I wish they had never met," was the reply.

"Never met—and why, my dear Archy?"

"Because, then we had not been fools for the world to laugh at."

"Oh, you are surely not serious," said his aunt, playfully.

"Serious, why the very children in the streets—are they not mocking us as we pass, and their mothers courtesying to our orange ribbons? Were not the colors presented to the corps by Lady Farnham, pelted with mud while flying from the window of the lodge? But by H——," he exclaimed, starting from his chair at the thought of such degradation, "it shall not be long so. I'll scourge the vile rabble into abject submission. I have the power, and will use it with a vengeance. If my conduct is to be the subject of conversation for the priest, it shall be also for his people, and matter enough they shall have to employ their tongues for a twelvemonth to come."

"Be cautious, Archibald," said the rector; "zeal must be tempered with prudence; you have already made enemies for yourself."

"And who, among these enemies," haughtily demanded the agent of his fa-

* Orange Lodge.

ther, "which of them dare thwart me in my projects?"

"Your own rashness may defeat them."

"Pagh! rashness—folly, my dear sir. Have you not seen 'Goulburn's' opinion on these matters? But who is to call me to account for precipitancy, in such a cause?"

"One who will and can. Colonel Templeton himself—a man not to be trifled with. He is, no doubt, an enemy—an avowed enemy of popery—but a man scrupulously just in the treatment of his tenants. He will tolerate no interference with the legal rights and claims of land-tenure."

"Admitted, sir," replied the agent, smiling at his father's dread of the colonel's displeasure, "admitted—rights and claims must and ought to be respected. But has he not authorized, nay, encouraged me to exterminate for *legal* cause every Catholic tenant on his estate, if I can find a Protestant substitute? Be satisfied, sir, my power is well defined—my instructions clear and explicit, and I shall take care to be guided by them to the very letter."

"It is your *duty*, Archibald," broke in the lady of the mansion, who had now been silent for a few minutes, but by no means disposed to abate her petulance, "and yours too, sir," she said, addressing her husband, "as a magistrate and minister, to destroy the man of sin."

"Oh, my dear wife," replied the rector, looking up piously to the ceiling, "no man on this earth would risk his life more cheerfully than I would, to annihilate popery. But it's all in vain, for I fear the plague-spot is spreading."

"And what wonder, sir," she promptly observed, "when you are afraid to apply the proper remedy for the evil!"

"The remedy, my dear, was often tried, and one as powerful too, as the united skill of the greatest and ablest men of the age could make it. Kings and princes, and subjects, have applied it; but, alas! it failed—why, I know not."

"Perhaps, because, popery is imperishable," said the lady, tauntingly.

"I must confess, Isabella, notwithstanding our conviction to the contrary, that there is a something—a vitality you may call it, in popery, which does seem almost imperishable; while we attempt to cut down the tree, we only shake the branches and scatter the seed,—instead of destroying, we only multiply its growth."

"I did not expect such language from you," observed his wife, with the same unchangeable sneer upon her lip,—"why, I think you had better turn papist yourself. You could speak so eloquently of the perpetuity of that faith. Why do you not enlighten us on that point from the pulpit—your congregation would feel so delighted—so very happy to hear you descant—"

"But is it not true?" interrupted her husband; "alas! it cannot be denied. We have transported and put to death their priests in hundreds, and yet they are not the fewer."

"Well, go on, sir," muttered the lady, "I'll not stop you—go on."

"We have made it felony to harbor them, and yet their unfortunate followers have suffered the rack and gibbet, sooner than abandon them to their fate."

"Go on, sir, you speak admirably."

"We have set the same price on the priest's head we did on the wolf's; the wolves were all slain, but the priests are more numerous than ever."

"Beautiful!—proceed, sir; I declare you're becoming eloquent at last."

"We have had the pilgrims of 'Lough Derg' (or 'Patrick's Purgatory,' as the statutes there before you call it) tied to carts, and scourged through the streets by the common executioner, and all was of no avail; what then are we to do?"

"Here the good lady could no longer control her passion, convinced as she was, that her husband, for the last five minutes, had been laboring might and main to annoy and perplex her, for the contempt she had offered him. She started up, flung her stocking on the floor, raised her arm, as if about to make some solemn protestation, when the door opened, and a servant announced "Mr. Ebenezer Goodsoul." The lady's arm fell to her side, the rector's feet again sought the cushion, Miss Rebecca took up the annual, and Archibald stretched out his feet before him. In the faces of all the occupants of that apartment, not one angry look remained; so that, when the visiter entered, he might well exclaim, "Oh, what happy faces—what a cheerful, happy home!"

"The gentleman who now made his appearance, was not at all so important a personage as the reader might have supposed from the wonderful change that followed his announcement. He was only the Bible reader of the district. This term may sound harsh to the ears of some of our kind readers, and hence a short explanation becomes necessary to avoid misconception and prejudice.

"When we use the term Bible reader, it is because it was the proper designation of his peculiar calling—adopted by the society that employed him, and acknowledged by himself as a reverend and holy title. It designated the particular office and rank he held in the dissemination of evangelical truth. The Bible reader was generally a member of some one or other of the dissenting churches—sometimes, but very seldom indeed, of the Anglican. In rank he bore the same relation to the Methodist minister that the lector in the Catholic church does to the priest. In their vocation the difference consisted in the Methodist minister being called immediately by the Lord, and the Bible reader by the Kildare-st. Society, or any other association established for similar purposes. Bible readers were very numerous in 182—. Being for the most part illiterate men, they confined their labors almost exclusively to remote places, seldom appearing in towns except on business connected with their office. The Kildare-st. Society gave them twenty pounds a year as a salary, and supplied them with Bibles and religious tracts for distribution, in immense quantities. The clergymen also in the various localities recommended them strongly to the charitable consideration of their hearers, so that, every thing considered, they might be called a very-well-provided-for class of teachers of the word. But we must not omit to mention, that besides their stated salary, they had what was usually called head-money, or two shillings and sixpence for every convert to the gospel—that is, every one who could answer some of the leading questions in their approved catechism, and had attended Sunday-school twice at least within three months. They had also the privilege of making converts *ad libitum;* for instance, they could recommend destitute Catholic children, or adults, as the case might be, to the "Clothes Committee of the parish," and if they succeeded in obtaining the garments in lieu of a promise to attend the Protestant church, their names were dispatched to Dublin as converts to the light of the gospel, and a reward transmitted thence to the Bible reader, for his pious advocacy of the cause. As to his personal appearance, the Bible reader differed as much from the members of the community in general, as the Brahmin does from the laborer in Hindostan. He invariably dressed in black, as became his calling—not a white speck was to be seen except the cravat, and that was perfectly unique. It was composed of leather, like that of the English soldier, and covered with white muslin, but worn so high, stiff, and immoveable, that one would imagine it intended to keep the eyes of the wearer forever removed from a sight of the sinful earth he inhabited. When walking, with his head thrown back, he gave a lively illustration of the well-known Greek word *anthropos.* His hair was forever cut as close to the skin as it was possible for scissors to accomplish it. His hat was broad-brimmed, made of common felt, and manufactured expressly for the class, by a member of the Society of Friends in Wexford. The bearing, gait, and air of the Bible reader were peculiar, solemn and impressive. From the moment he was called to go forth and preach, he was never known to smile more—not a beam of gladness ever lighted up his countenance again; and when he travelled, night or day, storm or sunshine, the measured pace was never altered; and the lugubrious face never spoke but of mourning and sorrows to the light-hearted peasantry, as they passed him on the roads.

"To such a class of men, therefore, did the gentleman belong whose name has been already announced by the servant, Mr. Ebenezer Goodsoul. If the reader be disposed to find fault with the want of individuality about our reverend visiter—if he thinks we have not been sufficiently explicit as to the stature, features, &c., he will please to observe, once for all, that no one ever yet could distinguish one Bible reader from another. Similar habits, thoughts, manners, dress, and deportment, had so far assimilated and amalgamated the different individuals of that section of the ministry since their first institution, that all identity had vanished. He (the reader) has therefore no choice left but to select an "ideal," and he may be assured, if he be not very hard to please, he will certainly find *one* at least to suit his fancy, between Thersites and Apollo, or between Roebuck and Lord Brougham.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. Goodsoul," said the rector—"we have just been talking of the blessings of religion, a subject so dear to your heart. No doubt you are come to speak of to-morrow's meeting of the brethren in committee. Sit down, dear Mr. Goodsoul, and make one of the family circle. Oh, I wish—how I do wish, that all my people felt as deeply interested in the cause of our holy religion as you, my friend!"

"I am but a poor, sinful creature, your reverence, and can do little good," was the reply.

"But your heart is in the great cause."

"Heart and soul have I dedicated myself to the holy work," said the Bible reader.

"You have reason to rejoice and be glad, my friend."

"I am grateful, I trust, and thankful to our great Ruler and Master, that he has vouchsafed to look upon me as the humblest of his servants."

"You have apprized the different members of the committee?" inquired the rector.

"Each and every one."

"Oh, very well," said the rector, "so far all is right. Laboring on your mission, as usual?"

"To the extent of my poor abilities," replied the Bible reader.

"Successfully, I hope?"

"As much so, your reverence, as it might be given to expect, amidst so ungodfearing a people; verily, the stiff necks of the Jews are not so hard to bend as are those of the deluded Catholics."

"We have yet strong hopes in the holy seed of the word," observed the rector.

"The harvest is ripening," said the Bible reader.

"It will be fruitful tenfold in its season," said the rector.

"Yea, a hundredfold," said the Bible reader.

"Your reward shall be great and everlasting," said the rector.

"And thine," said the Bible reader, "oh, thine, reverend sir, shall be without measure, for thine holy ministration of the gospel has been wonderfully powerful amongst the people; the seed which you have scattered hath already produced much fruit, (though it hath not yet ripened;) yea, even in the shadow of death—for when you came to minister to us, darkness had covered the land, and gross darkness the people; but the light of the gospel hath beamed out from thee, and shone afar off like unto the pillar in the desert."

"No, no, my dear Goodsoul, say not so," observed the minister, with a smile; "no, we must not ascribe to our gifts of nature the wonderful effects of the word amongst the people. But have your labors been blessed with your usual success?"

"Far beyond my expectations," said the Bible reader—"within the last two weeks, sixteen souls have been rescued from the Ammonites and their abominations."

"You hear that, my love," said the minister, addressing his lady. "What a consolation—sixteen souls within the fortnight!"

"And the priest," continued the rector, "have you met with opposition from him, as usual?"

"It hath not been so great as formerly," replied the Bible reader, "yet he still revileth the servants of the Lord, in the high place he hath built to Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon."

"Have you spoken to himself of the evil of his ways?" inquired the rector.

"I have spoken in charity, and he would not hearken to me; he called me a hypocrite, because I have been once wicked, and turned my back upon my sins. But verily, verily, I have never been a Moabite, nor bent my knee before Baal. And I said unto him when he put me from his house, 'Behold, thou hast labored like Nahash at Jabesh-gilead to put out the eyes of thy Amalekite people, that they might not see thy abominations.' And when he laughed at my rebuke, I waxed wrothful in spirit, (for I am yet weak,) and said unto him, that another like our holy and God-fearing Elizabeth would yet come, and would put to death, even as Josiah did, the idolatrous priests that burned incense unto Baal; and, as it hath been commanded, I shook the dust from my feet on the threshold of the unbeliever."

"You have done well, my dear Mr. Goodsoul," said the lady of the house, speaking with peculiar emphasis, and looking sidewise at her husband; "there should be no peace with the unbeliever."

"And when may we expect to see these converts at church?" inquired Rebecca, "for that, you know, my dear Mr. Goodsoul, is the chief consideration."

"Their outward garments, lady," replied the Bible reader, "are unseemly for such a presence—they are but indifferently clothed, and full of delicacy—the pride of life. I know, lady, the white robes of innocence are more precious in *his* sight, yet we cannot fail to remember that the Israelites were commanded to wash their very garments before they approached even the foot of the mountain."

"Oh, assuredly," interposed Mrs. Cantwell, "attention to dress is by no means incompatible with attention to the inner man. But are you satisfied, Mr. Goodsoul, they fail not as hitherto in their attendance at church?"

"Perfectly, madam—they will attend our prayer-meeting, at which the Rev. Jejjediah Sweetsoul holds forth on his return from Sligo."

"But why not come to my church," inquired the rector, "where their conversion will be more publicly known, and their little wants meet with a more prompt and liberal attention?"

"For the very reason you have mentioned, reverend sir," replied the Bible reader. "They are not yet sufficiently strengthened by the spirit, to acknowledge their errors in so public a manner; the false delicacy of the world, poor carnal creatures as they are, holds them back a little, yet a while—they fear their enemies might say, if they went first among your wealthy people, that they had a yearning after carnal comforts, instead of the bread of life."

"Well, my dear Baxter," said his wife," compassionately, "it's right—to be sure they have their little feelings. Let them go to the Methodist church."

"Well, dear, I am satisfied if you are," said the husband.

"Oh, yes, dear Baxter, why not?" said his wife.

"Very well, then," said the husband.

"Oh, certainly," said the wife, "what matters it dear, what church they attend, if they only abandon the superstitions of popery."

"But they will not abandon them," said Archibald, speaking for the first time.

"Why do you think so?" asked his father.

"Oh, they are thoroughly convinced of their error," said the Bible reader.

"So were all the converts, if we could believe them," retorted the agent.

"But these are prepared to make a public profession, I trust," enjoined the rector.

"Without doubt," answered the Bible reader.

"Yes," said the agent, "like all the former ones."

"How?"

"Until they are clothed, sheer absolute necessity compels them. They can't help it. They can't be sincere in their promises of conversion. They can't understand, or rather they can't feel what Protestantism is. They can't take the bare Bible for their religion. They can't enter our churches and see them desolate, stripped of every thing that used to warm up their hearts in their own, without sorrow and regret. They never can be converted by ordinary means. Do you think a Catholic, who from his infancy saw himself surrounded by the sacraments of his church, and from which he received, or at least thought he received so much consolation amid all his trials and disappointments of life, will be content with a bare book which he cannot understand? Do you think he can relinquish all the aids to salvation, so numerous in his church—that he can forget his confession, where the priest was accustomed to direct and admonish him, even if, as we think, he could do nothing more—forget his communion, which he believed to be the body of Christ, his last sacrament, which he had depended so much on at the hour of death—and all this for what he was accustomed to look upon as the mere skeleton of a religion, without form, substance, or tangibility?"

"Nonsense, Archibald," exclaimed his mother, interrupting him, "you talk very strangely."

"I talk the truth, mother, and you know it," replied Archibald.

"I know it," said the lady, busying herself with her work, and somewhat discomposed. "I know it, do I—perhaps so."

"Yes, indeed, mother, you know it, and we all know it well, if we had candor enough to acknowledge it. I hate popery, myself, as I do the d——l, and would exterminate papists at the hazard of my life. But why should we belie their religion, in order to deceive ourselves? They never will be converted. Within the last five years you have lost many of your hearers, and whom have you gained? Three permanent converts; and who are they? Men whom the priest thrust out of his church, for theft and other crimes. Could they be called Catholics? Certainly not; the priest would not recognise them as such."

"But they have reformed, by an attentive and pious study of the Bible, a change which the influence of Catholic doctrine never could have effected. And they have remained steady members of the church," added the rector.

"Steady, no doubt, father," replied Archibald: "and why not? what could they do—what other resource could they fly to? Their first duty on their return to the Romish communion would have been restitution—the very thing which first drove them out of it. Make restitution, and let their wives and children starve! The thing is preposterous. They are constrained to remain steady where they are, and where no minister's au-

thority can reach their consciences or their purse."

"The word of God will reach them," said the rector, somewhat pettishly.

"The word of God to them is but a book—it is a thing without eyes, ears, tongue, or understanding," said Archibald. "It is but a dead monitor, the priest is a living one. The Bible may convince the intellect, but the heart, the seat of the sensibilities, requires a far different action to impel it. Suppose you changed your relative positions—give the Catholic church the advantages you possess—wealth, titles, authority, patronage; and the Protestant, poverty and persecution—how many hearers would you have in twelve months? None. Do you think it would be sufficient to hand them the Bible, and say, 'Here, read that, and learn to suffer for conscience sake?'"

"You have given your opinions unsolicited, Archibald," said his father, "and with a very unnecessary earnestness. May I ask what is your object in all this?"

"Simply to prove to you, if you are not already convinced of it, that all your endeavors for the conversion of Catholics is vain, and will be vain to the end. Well then, when you cannot lead them—drive them. When you cannot reform them—exterminate them, and by every means in your power. Leave no means untried; degrade them, impoverish them, persecute them. Misery and beggary and destitution *may* convert them, but the Bible *never*."

"During the latter part of the foregoing dialogue between father and son, the two ladies and Mr. Ebenezer Goodsoul had retired to a distant corner of the drawing-room, to have a little quiet conversation on the important subject of clothing the converts.

"Now, my dear Mr. Goodsoul, tell me candidly," said Mrs. Cantwell, "do you think these poor creatures are sincere?" and she laid her hand familiarly on his shoulder.

"Yea, verily, madam, their conversion is truly sincere."

"And will they certainly attend your church? Have you any doubt of it?"

"None, whatever, madam."

"Oh, it will be so delightful," exclaimed Miss Rebecca, rubbing her hands.

"It will be a great victory, my dear Rebecca, after all the taunts we have borne," said Mrs. Cantwell, smiling benignantly.

"Oh, yes indeed," added Miss Rebecca, "it will be absolutely charming. We must take them under our own immediate protection, poor dear creatures—they shall feel so awkward, you know—so confused, when they find themselves all at once among respectable people."

"Well, but dear Mr. Goodsoul, do not recommend them, if you be not absolutely satisfied of their attendance. You know how we have suffered already. It is so very humiliating to behold these nasty creatures strutting by us to mass in the very garments we gave them—and some of which we made even with our own hands. It is really insupportable."

"Fear not, my dear lady," said the Bible reader, "they are now, I trust, children of grace; their eyes are opened, and they see the light."

"And when do they come for the garments?" said Mrs. Cantwell; you know they are always ready."

"When you please, madam."

"Very well, then—when the colonel comes. We expect him daily; he is now visiting at Colonel Percival's, of Rockvale. He will be so gratified."

"The little party then separated. Mr. Ebenezer Goodsoul approached the door of the apartment, and turning round, bowed to every member of the family, according to seniority. His body rose to a perpendicular, and bent to a right angle at each obeisance, and without a syllable of accompaniment to lessen the solemnity of the action, he quitted the room, his head thrown back as usual, and his step measured and steady as an undertaker's at a funeral."

Did our space permit, we would continue these extracts from *Shandy M'Guire;* and would invite attention particularly to those parts of the work, which point out the causes of the social evils which weigh upon unfortunate Ireland. This is no fiction, but melancholy truth; and might afford a profitable subject of meditation to those ignorant or prejudiced writers, who, in face of the misgovernment and persecution which have so obviously brought about the present calamitous condition of the Irish people, have the boldness to attribute it to the influence of their religious faith, which they have so gloriously preserved, and which places them, as a Catholic nation, above every other portion of the Christian world.

SKETCH OF THE EARLY MISSIONS IN MARYLAND.

Read before the Maryland Historical Society, Jan. 8th, 1846, by B. U. Campbell, Esq.

Concluded from p. 535.

THE missionaries in Maryland wrote to their brethren in Europe favorable accounts of their prospects in 1639—40. Referring to their invitation from Anacoston and Mosorcoques, our missionaries write, in the latter year, as follows:

"From which we may safely conclude, that a harvest is placed within our reach, the labor of which will be richly repaid with fruit. The greatest fear is, that we shall not have laborers enough to collect so abundant a crop. There are also other neighboring towns, which, doubtless, were the word of God preached to them, would willingly, and with joy, embrace the light of the Gospel; but lest we might seem to desert our little flock too soon, we are obliged to desist from extending our labors to others. Let not those who may be sent to our assistance, fear that they will be destitute of the necessary supports of life. For he who clothes the lily of the valley, and feeds the birds of the air, will not suffer those engaged in extending his heavenly kingdom to want the necessary supplies."

That their appeals excited the sympathies of their European brethren, will appear by the following extracts of letters from the superior of the society:

"To Father Andrew White, Maryland.

"15*th October*, 1639.

"The zeal of your reverence for the conversion of souls as expressed in your reverence's letter, has afforded me infinite delight. I anticipate with great interest, receiving the history of the mission erected by your reverence, and I doubt not that it will be of service in stimulating *the spirits of many to similar exertions.*"

"To Father John Brock, Maryland.

"15*th September*, 1640.

"I have received the communication of your reverence, bearing date the second of May; and I cannot convey to you, an adequate idea of the pleasure which I derived from it. My mind is so completely taken up with that mission of yours, that there is nothing which I desire more earnestly than to receive news of its progress as frequently as possible: and I put so much confidence in the diligence of your reverence, that I hope the news will always be good. The hints of your reverence, concerning the establishment of four stations, your information with regard to the kindness of the prince of the aborigines, his inclination towards baptism, and your hope of a plentiful harvest, have been subjects of no ordinary rejoicing. The hope of establishing a college, which you hold forth, I embrace with pleasure; and shall not delay my sanction to the plan, when it shall have reached maturity."

In a historical memoir of the first establishment of the Catholic religion in the United States written by the late Abp. Carroll, about 1790–1, he remarks:

"About the year 1640, some design appears to have been formed for carrying

the gospel amongst the native Indians. For I find by some papers in my possession, that in this year, the provincial of the English Jesuits, wrote a letter of exhortation to the young Jesuits at Liege, inviting them to offer their services for this perilous and laborious undertaking. In consequence of this invitation, upwards of twenty solicited with the most fervorous language, to be sent; but I do not find that anything farther was done in the business, which I doubt not, was owing to the jealousy the neighboring Protestants of Virginia had now conceived, at the superior credit which the Catholics enjoyed amongst the Indians. Add to this, that in the same year, 1640, the troubles began in England, which ended in the dethronement and beheading of Charles I, in 1648; the virulence of the prevailing party in England against Catholics, and their jealousy of every enterprize for the increase of true religion, made it necessary to forbear from any further communication with the Indians; for as the spirit of the times was, it would have been said, certainly, that the Indians would be brought down by the priests and papists to murder all the Protestant inhabitants."

I have now before me the *original* letters of twenty-three Jesuits of the English province, soliciting to be sent upon the Maryland mission, in terms of the most edifying self-devotion. They are all dated in July and August, 1640, and most of them are written from Liege, where the English Jesuits had an establishment. A short extract from one of these letters will show the zeal with which the provincial, Father Edward Knott, encouraged this mission, as well as the ardor of his subjects to be employed here.

"Reverende in Christo Pater.

"Pax Christi—I had no sooner heard the relation of the happy success of our Mission in Maryland, and the great hopes of converting souls to their Lord and Creator, but I was surprized with no small joy and comfort, which, nevertheless, was but little, compared with that which I received, when I read those sweet and no less comfortable lines with which your Reverence invited not any one in particular, but all in general, to employ their lives and labors in the undertaking of so glorious an enterprize of converting souls to God, by means of that Mission. And to tell you the truth, my joy was so great, that no thought nor word for a long while could come from me which resounded not Mariland. The cause of my joy was the hopes I conceived of being so happy as to be one of those who would consecrate themselves to so noble an employment. *Nec vana spes,* as I hope: since I doubt not it is the will of Almighty God, for having commended the matter unto Him, for some days, I still found the same desire I had in the first hour. If your Reverence desireth to know yet farther the joy which was caused in me by this happy niews, I cannot express it better, than by saying that it hath binne like an ocean able to drowne all other sorrows and crosses which by reason of troublesome times might have no small part in me."

As the letter is long, I will omit all that follows, except the conclusion.

"I would willing demaund your Reverence, his councell in one thing, and it is by what meanes I may gett my portion of those temporall goods which by right are due unto me. I would be willing to give all to the furthering of our mission. The surest way weare to procure some friends to speak to my father. Peradventure my step-mother who is my Lord Montigue his Aunt will be able to effect it. I leave all to your Reverence his disposing.

Lawrence Worsly."

"*The* 26 *of July* 1640."

One of the successful candidates for the Md. missions, at that time, was Rev'd. Roger Rigbie. The following is his letter of application.

"Reverende in Christo Pater.

"Pax Christi—I had thought to have petitioned for a favour at your Reverence's

last being here; but your sudden and indeed to me unknowne departure prevented me. Howsoever, I hope it was not without God Almighties particular providence, that I might more maturely deliberate of so waightie a matter, before I proposed it. My request is only to entreate the happines to be made partaker of that happie Mission of Mariland. 'Tis true, I conceive this Mission not only happie and glorious; but withall hard and humble, in regard of the raw state things as yet are in; yet the love of Jesus neyther feares labour nor low imployment. Your Reverence's letter inkindled in my mind a great desire of this voyage, renewed former good purposes to that effect, and made me in fine resolve upon it. This resolution hath bin verie much strengthened this tyme of Holy Exercises, both in prayer, Holy Masse, and other occasions, which I have taken to deliberate of this point. I confesse the deliberation hath bin long, and the resolution, I fear will come late both for others speedier petitions, and the tyme of the yeare: neverthelesse not alwaies first come, first sped, sometymes *novissimi* become *primi*; and being neare at hand, I confide, I may bee readie in due tyme for that voyage the next opportunitie. Besydes, though others farr better deserving, and more able to found that new spiritual plantation, will have alreadie presented themselves, yet I should be glad to ioyne my meanest endeavors with theire best; and the little experience I have had, gives me good hopes, that my health and strength will be able to break through occurrent difficulties, and accompanie others in their greatest labors. I feare, I have hindered your more serious thoughts too long, wherefore in a word, I leave the matter wholly to your prudent charitie, desiring you would freely dispose of me, as you judge best. If you bee allerdie furnished with workmen, it may bee you will want the next spring to provide for a new harvest, then you know where to find one. Thus with my dutifull respects, and best wishes I humbly craue part of your Holy Sacrifices, and rest this 31, of July 1640.

"your Reverence's humble seruant in Christ, ROGER RIGBIE."

This father was stationed at Patuxent, in 1642. He was born in London, in 1608, and was about 33 years of age when he arrived in Maryland. Our MSS. say that he was so successful in acquiring the Indian language, as to have been able to compose a short catechism in it. He was confined to his bed, by severe indisposition for three months, and is stated to have died in Virginia, in 1646.*

Father White continued to reside at Piscataway, until 1642, occasionally visiting Saint Mary's. Returning from one of these visits in the winter, he was detained by the ice, nearly opposite Potomac town, in Virginia—the place visited by the governor and Father Altham, in their first exploring voyage. By walking over the ice, Father White reached the town, where he remained several weeks, preaching and instructing the natives. The annual letter of 1642, says: "During a detention of nine weeks at Potomac town, his spiritual gain in souls fully compensated for the delay. For, during that time, there was an accession to the church, of the chief of the town, with the principal inhabitants. Also, a chief of another tribe, with many of his followers; a third, with his wife, son and one of his people; and a fourth chieftain, with a companion of high rank among his own people. By these examples, his whole tribe was prepared to embrace the faith, as soon as we could find time to impart to them the necessary instructions."

Soon after this period, the young queen of Piscataway, as Chilomacon's daughter was called, was baptized at St. Mary's, where she had been educated; and she then understood the English language pretty well.

The Missionaries were very successful in another quarter, of great importance.

* Oliver, p. 180.

This was the Indian town of Potopaco—the site of Port Tobacco, the capital of Charles county. Nearly all the native inhabitants of this place embraced Christianity, to the number of 130, including the young queen, and the wife and two children of the former principal chief. This fertile district, embraced by the great bend of the Potomac river, being favorably situated for intercourse with the neighboring Indians, who were very numerous, the missionaries determined on establishing a residence there. This they were more inclined to do, because of interruptions at Piscataway, from the Susquehannock Indians. In consequence of hostilities from the Nanticokes, the Wicomeses, and the Susquehannocks, these tribes were declared to be enemies to the province, and great apprehensions were felt by the colonists. In 1642, "a march against the Indians" was ordered, and a fort erected at Piscataway. It is worthy of observation, that our MSS. state that the Susquehannocks, about whose history there is so much obscurity, had taken up their residence upon the banks of the Potomac, near Piscataway.* This fierce and truculent tribe, who are described as very hostile to the Christians, had made an attack upon one of the settlements, murdered the men, and carried off the property they found there. As the colony was feeble in numbers, and some internal dissensions amongst the English settlers prevented the prosecution of vigorous measures against the Indians, it was deemed most prudent to withdraw Father White from Piscataway. The missionaries in 1642 made many excursions up the Patuxent river.

They thought these excursions best suited to the then disturbed state of the country. Among their converts, were the young queen of Patuxent town, and her mother. In their letter of this year, they thus describe their excursion :—

"We sail in an open boat—the father, an interpreter, and servant. In a calm or adverse wind, two row and the third steers the boat. We carry a basket of bread, cheese, butter, dried roasting ears of corn, beans and some meal, and a chest containing the sacerdotal vestments, the slab or altar for mass, the wine used in the holy sacrifice, and blessed baptismal water. In another chest we carry knives, hoes, little bells, fishing hooks, needles, thread, and other trifles, for presents to the Indians. We take two mats: a small one to shelter us from the sun, and a larger one to protect us from the rain. The servant carries implements for hunting, and cooking utensils. We endeavor to reach some Indian village or English plantation at night-fall. If we do not succeed, then the father secures our boat to the bank, collects wood and makes a fire, while the other two go out to hunt; and, after cooking our game, we take some refreshment, and then lie down to sleep round the fire. When threatened with rain, we erect a tent, covering it with our large mat. Thanks be to God, we enjoy our scanty fare and hard beds as much as if we were accommodated with the luxuries of Europe; while the consolation we find in the promises of God, to those who labor faithfully in his service, and the watchful care he seems to have of us, gives us strength to bear up against difficulties, so much so, that it is surprising that we are able to accomplish what we do."

Our extracts from the missionaries' letters, mention the arrival of two more assistants from England, in 1642, and are then interrupted until 1654. We have seen, that up to the former date, the Gospel had been preached to the Indians with success, not only at the capital of the province, but at Kent Island, in the Chesapeake Bay, at Piscataway and Port Tobacco, on the Maryland side of the Poto-

* They were still there in 1675, as appears by a letter written in 1705, formerly in the possession of Mr. Jefferson, and now in the Library of Congress—entitled "The beginning, progress and conclusion of Bacon's rebellion in Virginia, in the year 1675 and 1676." The writer of this letter says, "The Susquehannocks were newly driven from their habitations at the head of Chesepiack Bay, by the Cinela Indians, down to the head of Potomac, where they sought protection under the Pascataway Indians, who had a fort near the head of that river, and also, were our friends."

mac; and at Patowmeck town, on the Virginia side of that river; at Mattapany, and Pawtuxent town, on the Patuxent river; besides, in many other places, which were visited by the missionaries, in their aquatic excursions. By the interruption of our annual reports, we are left to trace out these missions and their founders from other sources.

It was in the beginning of 1644, that Ingle's, or Claiborne and Ingle's rebellion occurred; and, in 1645, they succeeded in driving the governor, and many of his adherents, out of the province. The governor took refuge in Virginia, and was not restored to his province and authority until August, 1646. The fate of the missionaries is thus stated in our MSS. "A body of soldiers, or rather lawless brigands, who arrived in 1645, laid waste, destroyed, and fired the whole colony. Having driven the governor into exile, they *carried off the priests, and reduced them to a miserable slavery.*" The MSS. in the State Library, at Annapolis, known as the Ridout papers, say "they burnt the records. This rebellion was not suppressed for more than two years. The loyal inhabitants were plundered, and many of them banished by this band of ruffians. The rebels increased fast, and very few could be persuaded to make resistance against them." Mr. McMahon says, "One of the results of Claiborne and Ingle's rebellion, as it is called, was the destruction or loss of the greater part of the records of the province; and those which remain to us, neither show us in what manner this rebellion was fomented, and accomplished its triumph, nor give us any insight into the conduct and administration of the confederates, whilst they held the rule of the province. From Claiborne's known character as an adherent to the parliament, and the fact of Ingle's previous flight from the province as a proclaimed traitor to the king, it seems probable that the insurrection was carried on under the name, and for the support of the parliament cause. The records of that day inform us only, that it commenced in the year 1644; that early in the year 1645, the rebels were triumphant, and succeeded in driving the Governor, Leonard Calvert, from the province to Virginia; and that the government of the Proprietary was not restored until August, 1646. If the representations made by that government, after its restoration, be correct, the administration of these confederates, during their ascendancy, was one of misrule, rapacity, and general distress to the province; and this seems quite probable, from the fact of their early expulsion from it, notwithstanding the triumphs of the parliament party in England. Their dominion is now remembered only because it is identified with the loss of the greater part of the records of the province before that period."*

From the biographical department of Dodd's History, we gather the following particulars of Father White:

"He was sent over prisoner into England, together with two other missionaries of the same order, who endured very great hardships in London, during their confinement. At last he was sent into banishment, earnestly requesting of his superiors that he might have the liberty, once more, to visit Maryland. But it could not be obtained. However, he returned back into England, and after about ten years, died September 29, 1655, near 80 years of age. He was endowed with all the qualifications of an apostolic missioner, humility, patience, and zeal. His works are, 1st: A Grammar of the Indian language. 2d. A Dictionary of the same language. 3d. A Catechism in the same language. 4th. A History of Maryland."† Oliver adds a fifth to these works of Father White's History of his voyage to Maryland. As it appears, there were but two priests among the first settlers who arrived in Maryland, in the ship Ark,

* History of Maryland, p. 202.

† Dodd's Eng. Church History, vol. 3, bk. II, art. VI, p. 313. Dodd refers to Diary of Doway Coll. Nat. Southwell Bibl., Script. Societ. Jesu., p. 60.

and pinnace Dove; and as the author of our MS. account of the voyage, (copied by Rev. Mr. McSherry, from the original in Rome,) states that he (the author) remained at St. Clement's Island, while Father Altham went with Gov. Calvert, to explore the Potomac, I think there can be no doubt that Father White was the author of our narrative. Mr. McSherry informed me that he had also found in Rome, in connection with this document, a MS. catechism of the Indian language. What an invaluable acquisition to the learned, who have been engaged of late years in researches in the history and languages of the American Indians, would be the grammar and dictionary of Father White. Mr. Gallatin, in his elaborate and scientific "Synopsis of the Indian Tribes," remarks: "We have no remnant, whatever, of the language of the Susquehannocks." The dictionary of the Abnaquis language, composed by the celebrated Father Rale, (or Rasle,) a Jesuit missionary in Maine for many years, has been esteemed one of the most valuable contributions to the collections on the subject of Indian philology. The original MS. is carefully preserved in the library of Harvard College.* Dr. C. Francis, in his life of Father Rale, remarks: "One can scarcely look at this important manuscript, with its dingy and venerable leaves, without associations of deep interest with those labors, and that life in the wilderness, of which it is now the only memorial. Students of the Indian dialects have most justly considered it a precious contribution to the materials of philological science."† Not less interesting, and even more precious would be the dictionary and grammar, composed by Father White, under similar circumstances to those of Father Rale. Possibly these memorials of our ancient native tribes, may yet be found in the archives of the Jesuits at Rome, or in the collections of the English province of the same society at Stonyhurst College, in England.

Oliver, who differs from Dodd as to the date of Father White's death, furnishes, also, some further particulars of the latter part of his life, in these words: "After ten years of accumulated labors and services to the colony, Father White was seized by some of the English invaders from Virginia, the avowed enemies of civil and religious liberty, and carried off a prisoner to London. At length he was sentenced to banishment. Thirsting for the salvation of his dear Marylanders, he sought every opportunity of returning secretly to that mission; but every attempt proving ineffectual, he was content to devote his remaining energies to the advantage of his native country. In his old age, even to the end, he continued his custom of fasting on bread and water twice a week. Whilst a prisoner, he was reminded by his keeper to moderate his austerities, and to reserve his strength for his appearance at Tyburn. 'You must know,' replied Father White, 'that my fasting gives me strength to bear any kind of sufferings for the love of Jesus Christ.' This truly great and good man died peaceably in London, not 27th September, 1655, (as Southwell relates, p. 60, Biblioth.) but 27th December, 1656, O. S., or 6th January, 1657, N. S. From the comparison of various documents, I believe he was in his 78th year, at the time of his death. He was the author of a grammar, dictionary and catechism, in the Indian language, and of his voyage, *with a history of Maryland.*"*

It is probable that Father Fisher was one of the missioners sent to England, a prisoner with Father White. It is certain that he returned to his labors here, as will appear by the subjoined letter, addressed by him to Father Vincent Caraffa, the general of the Society of Jesus, at Rome. In the interesting narrative of

* After having attracted the attention and commendation of the learned, both in Europe and America, this dictionary was printed in 1833, in the 1st vol. new series of the memoirs of the American Academy.

† Sparks's American Biography, vol. 17, new series VII.

* Collections, p. 221 and 222.

Father Jogues, the celebrated Jesuit missionary to the Mohawks, he states that when in New York, in 1643, he heard the confession of an Irish Catholic from Virginia, who informed him "there had been members of his society in Virginia, but one of them, accompanying a party of Indians into their wilds, in his endeavors to convert them, was attacked and killed by another party of Indians hostile to the first."* This martyr to his zeal, must have been one of our missionaries from Maryland.

Believing the letters of the various applicants for employment on the mission of Maryland—to which I have referred in the course of these remarks—would form an appropriate portion of our collections, I have procured fair and literal copies to be made by an obliging young friend, which are appended to this essay. The originals, now before the society, belong to Georgetown College; and to the obliging gentlemen of that institution, I am indebted for the use of them, as well as the memoir written by Abp. Carroll, and several of the books which I have quoted.

With the following letter, which I find in Oliver's collection, pp. 91 and 92, I shall conclude this imperfect sketch:

"Our Very Reverend Father in Christ.

"At length my companion and myself reached Virginia, in the month of January, after a tolerable journey of seven weeks. There I left my companion, and availed myself of the opportunity of proceeding to Maryland, where I arrived in the course of February. By the singular providence of God, I found my flock collected together, after they had been scattered for three long years; and they were really in more flourishing circumstances than those who had oppressed and plundered them: with what joy they received me, and with what delight I met them, it would be impossible to describe, but they received me as an angel of God. I have now been with them a fortnight, and am preparing for the painful separation: for the Indians summon me to their aid, and they have been ill-treated by the enemy since I was *torn* from them. I hardly know what to do, but I cannot attend to all. God grant that I may do his will for the greater glory of his name. Truly, flowers appear in our land: may they attain to fruit. A road by land, through the forest, has just been opened from Maryland to Virginia; this will make it but a two days journey, and both countries can now be united in one mission. After Easter, I shall wait on the Governor of Virginia* on momentary business; may it terminate to the praise and glory of God. My companion, I hope, still lies concealed, but I trust, will soon commence his labor under favorable auspices. Next year I will expect two or three other colleagues, with the permission of your paternity, to whose prayers and sacrifices I earnestly commend this mission, myself and all mine. Dated from Maryland, this 1st March, in the year of the Lord, 1648. I remain, &c., your most unworthy servant and son in Christ.

Philip Fisher."

*Relation de ce qui s'est passe, &c. en 1643, published at Paris in 1645. The same statement is in Creuxius' Hist. Canadensis—in the Balt. Library.

*Sir Wm. Berkley.

For the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

AN APPEAL TO SLEEP.

BY JAMES WYNNE, M. D.

O! GENTLE sleep, why com'st thou not
To rid this brow of pain;
Thy wing rests o'er the laborer's cot
Whilst I seek thee in vain:
I've marked the weary hours of night;
Around me breaks the morning light;
I fain would weep;
Come, gentle sleep,
Thy pinions spread, and visit me again.

A motley group of fancies fill,
Like a distempered dream,
My brain, which owns not now the will
To chase away the theme,
That like some rude, unbidden guest,
Intrudes upon my hours of rest,
And bids me think,
When I would drink,
Deep, deep, of Lethe's all oblivious stream.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

NATURE, A SOURCE OF POETIC INSPIRATION.

BY MISS. JOSEPHINE REDUE.

HERE is a spirit which sheds a glow of enchantment over all the varied scenes of nature. It dwells in the scented breath of the wild flower, leaves its impress on dewy leaf and roseate blossom, or floats majestically, at even-tide, upon the crimson clouds of the gorgeous west. Its voice mingles with the sweet carols of the woodland songsters, and blends its music with the murmur of the crystal fountains sparkling in the sun-light, or with the merry laugh of the little noisy brook, as it dashes joyously along, through tangled brake and shady dell. It moves in the snowy cloud that floats upon the azure sky of sultry noon; trembles in the silver moonbeams; dances in the golden light of a summer sun; lingers, spell-bound over the sleeping lake, at dreamy twilight, and resides wherever there is aught of grand or lovely on the fair bright face of nature. It is this mysterious spirit which, from its home among all things beautiful, holds communion with the poet's soul, in whisperings of unearthly harmony. The gentle sigh of the

evening breeze—even the rolling thunder, and hollow murmuring of the vast ocean, reach his ear in tones of sublime and thrilling melody. It is all pervading beauty which meets the poet's eye. It is celestial harmony which greets the poet's ear. It is God, himself, who created the lovely things of earth, and the magnificent glories of heaven, who breathes through them, in tones fitted to the instrument which He himself has strung. It is His power that clothes all nature with that inexpressible charm, which calls forth the noblest attempts of art and genius, but which they only inadequately delineate; and it is His power which has formed the soul of the poet with a keener perception of the beautiful,—with a spiritual organization, which, like the Æolian harp, responds to the lightest passing breeze; and, not for his own enjoyment, or for his own more full communication with the unseen world, was he so constituted, but for the improvement of all men. The poet is the prophet, to proclaim to the crowd of less gifted, but sincere, worshippers, the hidden mysteries of nature. He sees, in the calm magnificence spread over the deep blue firmament of a cloudless night, a faint reflection of the dazzling glory of Paradise; while, in the more awful sublimity of the angry storm, when the red lightning's gleam displays the wild dashing of raging billows over the ocean's depths, he perceives the dread sequel of Almighty power. Gazing upon these or similar scenes, the deep torrent of feeling, which rises from the innermost fountains of his soul, flows forth in song, whose undying strains awaken countless hearts to a fuller sense of the majesty and goodness of God. He is alive to the sublime ideas suggested by the ever changing course of the seasons, to the sweet and vivifying influences of gentle spring, to the heat of languid summer, with its rapid succession of storm and sunshine; and to the more sombre and melancholy charms of autumn and winter. He describes, in animated language, the opening of the buds and flowers, the return of tuneful bird and noisy insect, from their unknown winter retreats, to renewed life and vigor, the rich green mantle thrown over smiling plains, the waving fields of golden grain, ripening in the noonday sun, and the cool retreat, with its refreshing spring. He paints, in deeper colors, the darkened sky at the approach of the threatening tempest, and when the storm's fierce rage is over, the lowering clouds, as they roll mutteringly away to the east. He marks, with enthusiasm, the pure azure of the sky, and the rainbow arch,—the gorgeous tints, in which the dying year arrays the forest trees, and the snow-clad hills of the north, whose rocks and trees sparkle with jewels, stolen from winter's diadem.—But in describing these, with all their external beauty, his mission ends not.—"His imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen."—He is the articulate voice of nature, speaking to the soul of man, and unfolding her hidden mysteries; and those, who would fully understand his revelation, must drink deep, from the same exhaustless fountain whence his inspiration flowed. In natural objects, they must learn to trace the workings of a higher power, and from admiration of their beauty, pass to the love and adoration of the eternal beauty,—to the worship of the Divinity who created them.

(Selected.)

VIRTUE REWARDED.

DO WHAT is good, and thy reward will not linger, is a maxim which ought to be engraved on every heart. It is not that a temporal recompense always follows good actions, for God, who sometimes loads the wicked with riches and honors, is pleased to prove the just; He surrounds them often with disgrace and contempt, to see whether emulating holy Job, they will say, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." But even in the midst of prosperity, the wicked feel that gnawing worm, remorse of conscience, and a fear of the future, which must bring the punishment of crime, of talents wasted, of time forever lost; whereas the just, even in the depth of adversity, taste a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. They are animated with a tender confidence, because they only aim at loving God more perfectly, who is purifying them in the fire of adversity, that they may become fitting vessels for the Master's use.

Yet even in this world God very frequently gives a reward to the good. Riches, in themselves, are not an evil; it is the bad use to which we too commonly put them, that makes them snares for our salvation. For this reason the wise fear more than they covet them, seeing their possession is so often the rock on which virtue is wrecked. But these reflections make me wander from my subject, which is to relate a practical illustration of the maxim—"Do what is good, and thy reward will not linger."

Bernard had inherited a considerable patrimony, and a share in a lucrative and flourishing mercantile concern, to which he attended with unremitting assiduity. His speculations were successful, and every one rejoiced at it, for he was never known to swerve from the strictest principles of probity and honor. He was liberal in alms-giving, and never feared to run a little risk, when by so doing he could be useful to a friend. His younger brother, a dissipated and extravagant fellow, calculated on these dispositions. After having lost at play and in every kind of debauchery, the fortune left him by his father, he contracted debts, and when they became due, he in an unfortunate hour forged a draft purporting to be a sum owing him by his brother, which his creditor accepted without hesitation.

About this time the wife of one of Bernard's friends came to him one day, and besought him to become security for her husband, who otherwise must be reduced to the greatest necessity. She brought with her four little children, whom Bernard was accustomed to fondle; and their pleading innocent looks made him almost forget that the half of his fortune would be sacrificed, should their father be unable to meet the demands upon him. "I am godfather to the eldest of these little ones," he said to himself; "and I have no children of my own to injure, in case I should lose by becoming security; and besides, enough will remain for me even should the half be lost." He accordingly assented to the poor lady's request, and

the happiness he bestowed was for him an ample reward.

Time rolled on, the bill became due, and his friend was unable to pay! The creditor presented it to Bernard, who paid it without a murmur. "I have still more than I want," said he to himself, "why should I be cast down because of this loss?" He was about to retire when the creditor stopped him, "You forget, sir," he said, "that there is still another bill to settle."—"There must be some mistake," replied Bernard, "for I know of no debt."—"Look at this!" said the other, and he presented him with the forged bill. A cold sweat bedewed his forehead when he recognised the forgery, and knew too well who had done the deed! But a moment's consideration showed him the abyss into which he would plunge his brother if he exposed the forgery; and what was wealth to him, if retained at the expense of his brother's dishonor being made public, to say nothing of the punishment attending upon his crime? "Very well," he calmly replied, and immediately discharged the debt, and tore the bill. In the eyes of the world he had consummated his ruin; for all he possessed was gone; but never before had Bernard felt himself so profoundly happy, never had his heart been so light, never had he breathed so freely as at that moment when he had sacrificed himself for others. He raised his head, which had been bent low upon his bosom, his brow was radiant with joy, he looked at the creditor who had stood watching his varying emotions, and beheld large tears rolling down his cheeks; it was the homage paid by nature to Christianity! The creditor knew all, he had discovered the forgery some weeks previously, he had sent for the unfortunate and guilty young man, expostulated with him on the enormity of his crime, and found him contrite and penitent. He supplied him with funds, and sent him off secretly to America, in the hope that his future life would redeem the past. This gentleman was without near relations, and he had long been looking out for some worthy individual to adopt for his heir. He had thought of Bernard, but determined before deciding, to put him to the proof in the affair of the forged bill. He was satisfied, more than satisfied! "You believe you are beggared," said he to Bernard, "but you are a richer man to-day than ever you were before; my fortune is yours, I adopt you for my heir! will you be my son, dear Bernard!" said the old man, opening his arms. Bernard rushed forward to embrace him, while his guardian angel whispered in his ear, "Do what is good, and thy reward will not linger."

Another illustration of this maxim may not be uninteresting to my readers. Peter was the son of an honest French peasant, who lived on the banks of the Moselle; when he was eighteen years of age, his father was obliged to send him to Paris, to gain his livelihood as a carpenter, "Poverty," said the old man, "imposes on us painful separations; you go to Paris to find work, you will be exposed to many temptations; but remember the lessons of your mother, who has always shown you an example of virtue; remember that though you are parted from your earthly parents, you have a Father in heaven, you have a mother in the Blessed Virgin, who never forsakes those who are devout to her. I have lived sixty years in our village, and no one could ever blame me for a dishonest or dishonorable action. Peter, my son, you must not shame your parentage! Adieu!" and so saying, the old man took a hasty embrace, and Peter, with a rather heavy heart, set out on his route to Paris. He turned more than once to take a farewell look at his native village; and when the church spire only was visible, he took off his hat, and reverently bending his knee as he looked towards the spot where his Saviour rested on the altar, he besought Him to give him strength to resist all temptation, and persevere to the end. At length Peter arrived

in Paris; the journey had nearly exhausted his little stock of money, but he carried a letter of recommendation to a master carpenter, who immediately employed him. He was young, but he was willing, and he soon gained what enabled him to send some presents to his parents, and to his little sister Marie a nice white frock to wear on the day of her first communion, which she would be sure to offer for her dear brother Peter. His heart thrilled with joy when he thought of her happiness, for he remembered his own on the day when his Saviour God first communicated himself to him. But this God saw it good to try Peter with adversity. His master was ruined by some unforeseen misfortunes, and all his workmen were dismissed. Poor Peter! he could send no more presents to his cottage home, and that was the first thought that grieved him. His confidence in God, however, was unbounded, and God rewarded his confidence by putting it to a hard proof: his faith was to be strengthened and purified in the school of misfortune. One day that he had traversed the streets of Paris seeking in vain for work, he became very faint as he crossed the Tuilleries, and had just time to throw himself on a chair, or he would have fallen to the earth. The woman who kept the chairs did not perceive him, he might have gone away without paying, and he was very poor! but said he to himself, "if the woman lack vigilance, that is no reason why I should lack probity; God sees me, that is enough;" and he called the woman and gave her the two sous. As he pursued his way he was overtaken by an omnibus, when suddenly a wheel gave way, and down it came with a tremendous crash. A man who was passing at the moment, was thrown down and severely hurt. Peter raised him up and assisted him into a cabriolet, which stood near.

Scarcely had he driven off when Peter observed a piece of paper on the ground, and picking it up, found an order for five hundred francs. "How can I return this to the owner?" was the first thought that passed across his mind—"Where are you going with that dreamy look?" said the voice of James, one of his late fellow workmen, who lodged in the same house with him. Peter had always been reserved with this man, for he knew little of him, and his father had warned him not to make acquaintances too hastily. "No work to be found yet, eh?" continued James.—"You know Paris," said Peter, "could you tell me how I can discover the owner of something I have found?"—"What," said James, "would you look for the owner of what fortune has thrown in your way! is it a ring or a watch? do you fear discovery?"—"No," said Peter, "but I fear God, and must restore what does not belong to me."—"What have you found?" said James. "A bill for five hundred francs," replied Peter.—"Good," said James; "some gambler has lost it as he came out of the gaming-house, or some rich merchant has dropped it out of his pocket-book; you would be a great fool not to keep it." "It is not mine," said Peter. "At any rate," said James, "you are entitled to a handsome reward for finding it." Peter went straight to the bank, but it was shut for the day, and when he returned to his lodging, he found James had informed his landlord that he had met with some good fortune, and the man immediately attacked him and insisted on being paid for the last month's lodging. Poor Peter! he had nothing but the five hundred francs! The suggestions of James came to his mind, "it is doubtless the money of some rich man who will never miss it." Alas! poor Peter!

Meanwhile M. Bonard, the proprietor of the billet, was a prey to the deepest distress. When he was thrown down by the omnibus, he had the billet in his hand, but the pain he suffered from his fall made him forget every thing, and it was not until he got out of the cabriolet that he missed the money. He was the owner of a shop, the rent of which was due

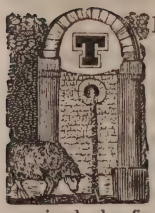
next day, and having lately experienced some heavy losses, he had no more money to pay; for he had drawn from the Bank his last five hundred francs. With what sorrow did he look at his wife and children! He durst not tell them his loss, but they soon saw that something untoward had occurred, and at length he was obliged to confess the truth. "Some honest person may yet find it!" he said.—"The will of God be done!" replied his wife, "you have been saved from an accident which might have cost your life, and every other evil seems light in comparison."

Next day towards twelve o'clock, a knocking was heard at the door. "Ah!" said M. Bonard, "it is our landlord I fear, and there is no money to give him!" His wife, with a trembling hand, opened the door; for a moment her confidence in God had failed her. It was not the landlord—it was a friend who had been sent as a forlorn hope to the bank, and who had there found Peter who now accompanied him, and presented the five hundred francs to the delighted and grateful family. "I cannot conceal from you," said Peter, "that I had some temptation to retain the money, and I do not deserve the applauses you bestow on my honesty." "You do deserve them," said Madame Bonard, "no one need be ashamed of a temptation overcome." "Thank God I did overcome it," said Peter. "I should have fallen had I not remembered 'what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul;' and all the lessons of our good priest came back to my mind so forcibly that the temptation vanished." "Your honesty has been tried," said the friend of Bonard, "and I have no hesitation in recommending you to be porter in the bank where you but now returned the billet. The situation is a lucrative one, and if you continue to behave as you have hitherto done, your advancement is certain." "Do what is good, and thy reward will not linger."

Translated for U. S. C. Magazine.

SPEECH OF MR. DE MONTALEMBERT.

Delivered in the National Assembly of France, September 18, 1848.



HE following remarks of Mr. de Montalembert in the national assembly, will be read with a lively interest and satisfaction by all who are solicitous for the spread of true liberty, and particularly for the ultimate triumph in France of civil and religious freedom over the schemes of corrupt politicians, and socialistic and infidel demagogues. The aim of these men, in revolutionizing the state, is not to introduce the reign of freedom, properly so called, but of a freedom which will allow a particular faction to tyrannize over the people, to hold religion and her ministers in subjection, to control the means of education, and thus to abridge or rather to take away altogether those rights which are the most precious to man, and without which a republican government would be a curse instead of a blessing. Education has for years been crippled in its operations among the French people, and to the infidel character of the university which has so long monopolized the office of instruction, are to be attributed in a great measure the evils which lie at the basis of French society, and which render it so difficult, in the present juncture of affairs, to calm the public mind, and to reconstruct upon the ruins

of the ancient policy a system more conducive to the prosperity of the country and the happiness of the people. In the midst of the violent efforts which are made by the enemies of religion, to retain the trammels by which education was fettered under the late dynasty, it is consoling to the friends of Catholicism throughout the world, and especially to the members of the church in France, to witness the bold and undaunted resistance which the advocates of true liberty, headed by Mr. de Montalembert, oppose to the introduction or continuance of tyranny under new names. He openly proclaims himself the representative of religion, and fearlessly takes ground in defence of the rights of conscience, and freedom of education, without which political liberty is an empty name. The recent speech of the illustrious orator is a masterly effort, and was delivered in support of a motion to amend the 8th article of the constitution, which relates to the rights of citizens, and was in course of discussion before the assembly. The article, as it stands in the projet of the constitution, runs thus: "Citizens have a right to associate together, to assemble peaceably and without arms, to petition, to express their sentiments through the press or in any other way. The exercise of these rights has no other limit than the rights of others and the public security. The press cannot, in any case whatever, be subjected to a censorship." Mr. de Montalembert proposed to amend the article, by inserting the words *to teach*, and sustained his motion in a speech which is remarkable alike for its sound philosophy, patriotic devotion, lucid argument, elevated sentiment, and respectful tone. He speaks of the dangers of society, of the origin and nature of the evils under which it labors; he points out the remedies of these evils, and shows that the only effectual method of healing the deep-seated wounds that afflict it, is to remove the cause which produced them, to banish from the popular mind the fatal doctrines which have deluded men, at the expense of their religion, with false and utopian schemes of happiness. Of course, he could not venture upon such topics, without meeting with frequent interruptions; he could not touch the diseased body, as the *Univers* expresses it, without drawing a cry from the sufferer; but he persevered in his noble effort, and spread before the national assembly a few significant truths, which it has great need to understand, and which may be usefully considered, as well for the love and preservation of rights and liberties already enjoyed, as for the establishment of them in a new-born republic. Having ascended the tribune, and proposed his amendment of the 8th article of the constitution, Mr. de Montalembert spoke as follows:

"The object of this amendment is to remove a difficulty under which we have been laboring during the last eighteen years. Liberty of teaching was promised and guarantied by the charter of 1830; but the equivocal terms in which the promise was couched, have to the present day caused this right to be withheld from us. In requesting the assembly to include the right of teaching among the natural and inalienable rights of French citizens, we wish to abolish the ninth article of the constitution which places this right under a special restriction. At the same time, we do claim for it an absolute independence: we wish it to be subject, together with the press and the right of association, to the condition specified in the eighth article, which is now under consideration, and which says, that 'these rights have no other limit than the rights and liberty of others or the public security.' We are opposed to that supervision of the state which is called for in the ninth article. We object not to a general and chief supervision on the part of the state; we admit it without reserve. But we want nothing of what has been called to the present day governmental protection in the business of instruction; we want nothing of that supervision which is exer-

cised by rivals and competitors; we want not, for the liberty of instruction, that kind of supervision, which, if applied to the liberty of the press, would subject it to the control of journalists who are in the pay of the government, and who are altogether interested in sustaining the views of those in power. We object also to those other words of the ninth article, 'under the guaranty of the laws;' because the legislation here referred to, as we have learned from the explanations of the bureaus, is not of that kind which would be protective of liberty, but a prohibitive and restrictive legislation, like that which always prevailed under the late dynasty in reference to the same subject.

"Such are the reasons that lead me to request, that the right of instruction be inserted in the eighth article of the constitution, and be regarded, as to its nature and conditions, on the same footing with the liberty of the press, the liberty of association, and the liberty of assembling. We deny that the government has any special rights in the business of instruction. We do not admit that the government has any more right over the child than over its parent. It has indeed the same right over the child that it has over the parent, but nothing more; and, as it has no authority to impose its ideas, its belief, its views, upon the father of a family, it has no right to impose them upon the child. I might say, still further, that the parent, *l'homme fait*, the citizen, is more or less indebted to the state for the liberty which it guaranties to him; but he is not indebted to the state for his paternity. God and nature have conferred upon him the character of father; he holds it from them, as he does his soul, his conscience, his intelligence: and hence, whenever the state interposes the hand of its police or the ferule of its pedagogues between me and my child, it violates my liberty in its most sacred asylum, and commits against me an act of the most culpable usurpation. (Sensation.)

"What then is the authority of government in the business of instruction? It consists in a general charge of whatever interferes with the liberty of citizens and the public security. This I admit, and so far we all agree. I concede to the state also another right; that of supplying the deficiency resulting from the negligence or poverty of the parent. Here I not only behold a right belonging to the state, but a duty devolving upon it. When the father of a family fails to instruct his children, either through negligence or inability, the state may and should intervene, in order to furnish that instruction which the parent is unable or unwilling to provide. But between this and substituting itself every where and at all times in the place of the parent; between this and the establishment of what has existed in France for the last fifty years, that is, a monopoly of instruction, openly avowed or covertly maintained, as would be the case under the action of the laws that have been heretofore proposed; between these two things, I contend, there is a wide gulph; a gulph that has been constantly overleaped by the government in France, and which it will continue to overleap if you do not prevent it by a timely provision of the constitution.

"Gentlemen, you all entertain a holy and legitimate fear of communism: but do you know what the university monopoly is, that monopoly of instruction which the state has exercised to the present day? It is nothing more than an intellectual communism. (Laughter and murmuring.) Yes, gentlemen, it is carrying out in the dominion of mind and conscience, precisely what communism attempts to accomplish in the sphere of material things. What is communism, but the doctrine which substitutes the state in the place of the proprietor, for the administration and direction of property? And, what is the monopoly of instruction, but the doctrine which gives to the state the right of assuming the place of the parent, for the teaching and education of his children? You imagine, gentlemen, that

after having destroyed the bulwark of liberty in the heart and intelligence of man, you will have the power to defend that fortress of liberty which is founded upon the right of property. But, be not deceived. There is not a solitary argument that has been adduced in favor of the university monopoly, which may not be retorted with signal advantage against individual proprietorship. It is always the same fatal idea, proclaiming the omnipotence of the state, and the sacrifice of the individual to society.

"I have no doubt that the principles which I here maintain, would be admitted and acknowledged by all, if there did not exist a secret prejudice on the subject, a prejudice which I have always met with and which I beg leave to discuss without disguise.

"We are told, that liberty of instruction would indeed be an excellent and legitimate provision, were it not for the inconvenience it involves, of affording the religious element a chance of controlling the entire *enseignement* of France. There is the objection which was urged in the bureaus. There is the objection which I continually encountered in the long contests which I maintained in reference to the same question, before I became a member of this assembly. This objection is universally entertained, as you well know, and for this reason you must not complain if I undertake to examine it freely. Not to be unnecessarily long, I will enter at once upon the merits of the question. (Continue, continue.) I call upon all men of good faith within this enclosure, to follow me on the ground I have taken, and even to sustain me. I ask this especially from my opponents, the opponents of the religious ideas which I represent: for they cannot but desire the subject to be placed in a clear light. Hypocrites and courtezans are to be found in all parties; but, neither you nor I belong to their number: let us then be candid and sincere, and without any evasion, approach the great difficulty of the question before us. (Very well.)

"We are told, then, that if education were free, our country would fall entirely under the control of a religious teaching. But, gentlemen, such would not be the case. (Sensation.) I unhesitatingly declare my belief, (and take notice that what I say is not a hypocritical assertion of the tribune,) I unhesitatingly declare the belief that, if education in France were free, it would never fall entirely into the hands of religion. I do not believe it. But even if it should be the case, what right would the representatives of the French people have to oppose such a state of things? What right could they have to oppose a condition of affairs, which had resulted only from the exercise of liberty, and was an effect of the popular will? How could the representatives of the French people, under a government in which that people is supreme, in which neither the superior abilities of a certain caste, nor the divine right of a certain dynasty, have any right, dare to oppose that which had been brought about by the will of the sovereign people itself?

"Here I have answered the objection according to the principles of law and of right: but there is another and still more conclusive answer to it, founded upon the interests of society. Is it for the interest of society to oppose the re-establishment of religious teaching in its proper influence, or to object that this restoration be effected by means of a legitimate freedom, without privilege, without favor, without any trammels whatever? I flatter myself that you all know me sufficiently well to believe, that on the subject of education as well as in every thing else, I desire nothing else but liberty, and the most perfect equality for the views which I represent. Is it for the interest of society to oppose, I will not say the predominance, but, the regeneration of moral and religious instruction in this country? I say not; I contend, on the contrary, that the good of society requires the diffusion and enfranchisement of this instruction. And here I am naturally led in my turn to take a

view of the present state of society. After all the opinions that have been expressed at this tribune, I could easily pass my judgment upon it; the more so, as my views and convictions do not prevail in the society of modern times. But, after all the bold novelties that you and I have listened to with so much interest, I willingly confess that I have no innovations to propose to your attention: I have invented nothing. I have no pretension whatever to what was asserted a few days ago, to reconstruct society from its foundations; neither do I pretend to make war against it. Society, for me and, I believe, for every good citizen, is always a mother, and not an enemy. (Very well.) Woe to them who declare war against her, under the pretence of enlightening her or remedying the evils that afflict her! (Renewed applause.) Woe to them who present to her their curative measures at the point of the sword! (A stir.) When she is even compelled to accept the proffered remedy or truth, by a legitimate act of nature and of the consciences of men, she curses the parricidal hands that have sown the seed of discord under the pretence of restoring her peace. (Sensation.) As for me, I believe that society is threatened; I think that she is profoundly diseased: but I always look upon her sufferings and her infirmities as those of a mother. In approaching her bed of pain, I am inclined to bend the knee with a filial and respectful love; and when I behold her agonizing ailments and venerated wounds, I feel it my duty to kiss them, before I stretch forth an inexperienced hand, to attempt their alleviation or their cure. (Lively approbation.)

"Such are the sentiments which animate me in speaking of society and of the evils which distract it; and I say it beforehand, if any expression happen to fall from my lips at variance with these filial and fraternal sentiments, which actuate me and ought to actuate every man who holds the office of legislator, I beg you to erase it from your memory, as I would willingly efface it in advance from my own heart and my own thoughts. (Very well, very well.)

"I assert, then, that society is in a sickly state; that its interests are seriously threatened. By what? It is threatened not only by communism, but by socialism; and by socialism I understand that *ensemble* of doctrines and principles which declare war against society, against modern and Christian civilization, such as it has been founded upon the two-fold principle of personal property and individual liberty. I understand by socialism all doctrines, great or small, which assail those two cardinal principles of personal property and individual liberty. I am aware that there is a long gradation between those who aim at the destruction of every thing, and those whose object is to preserve every thing. Some pretend to be the advocates of property, and yet expose it to the greatest perils, by the restrictions which they impose upon it, and the excessive and increasing taxes, which they levy for chimerical wants: others assail society by the asperity of their language, though in reality they are its friends and would favor such reforms as would tend to promote its welfare. The former contribute to swell the ranks of the foes and invaders, whose effort is to sacrifice the individual for the benefit of society; the latter, who sometimes express their sentiments too harshly, but who are the advocates of useful, popular and charitable reforms, are to be ranked among the defenders and friends of society. But it is unnecessary for me at the present moment to make a discrimination: your attention has been sufficiently given to the subject of late, and it will again present itself for your consideration. But I contend that society, of which we form a part and which is our mother, is threatened by a collection of doctrines which, far from being new, are of a very ancient date, and whose origin it is needless to place before you. These doctrines, however, though not supported by any new idea, marshal at the present day a new force, a force as

formidable as it is new, a force which was supposed to have been satisfied by the solution given to the social questions in 1789, but which, instead of being satisfied, is daily growing more violent, is daily exciting millions of hearts and perhaps millions of arms against society. There, is the danger that I speak of. (Interruption.) If any here present doubt of its existence, I confess that I have nothing to say to them. But, the question is, how will you avert this danger? I repeat, that there is no occasion to prove the perilous condition of society; for, were I called upon to do so, after the experience which the last three months have afforded, I should be unable to qualify the audience whom I have the honor to address. I take it for granted, that the danger to which I allude is an admitted fact: and I request you to accompany me in the investigation of the means, by which this danger is to be diminished and counteracted.

"One thing is certain; you will never accomplish this by physical force. The evil, as every one must acknowledge, lies in those doctrines which pervade the popular mind. The thousands of muskets that were levelled against the republic three months ago, it has often been said, were loaded with ideas. But what ideas will you oppose to them? This is the question, than which none can be more important. Were it necessary to show the impossibility of conquering this moral evil by physical force, even that which is most lawfully and skilfully contrived, I would quote the expression of a man who was himself the strongest illustration of the genius of force; I would recall the words of Napoleon. Listen to what Napoleon, at the summit of his greatness, said to the grand-master of his university, whom he had selected to govern the intelligence of the empire. 'Do you know, Fontanes, what surprises me the most in this world? It is the inability of physical force to attain any permanent end. There are only two powers in the world, the sword and the mind . . . . in the long run the mind always triumphs over the sword.' (Prolonged sensation.) Such, gentlemen, are the sentiments which Napoleon, in 1808, the very year that he organized the university, expressed to the chief officer of the university, and they are quite enough to show how intimately connected with the question of education is the order of ideas which I am now developing. Thus, according to him who was the man of the sword by excellence, the sword is always overcome by the mind; and your sabre, that is the sabre of the republic, however noble and glorious the hands that may wield it, however formidable the strength with which you, legislators and representatives of the sovereign people, may invest it, will be powerless, so long as you have no doctrines, no ideas (what the emperor called mind,) to oppose to the ideas, the doctrines, the mind, which threaten you. (Prolonged sensation.)

"As I have already observed, there is no lack of innovators who assert, with more or less boldness, that their doctrines will save society and remedy its evils. But, as yet, we are unacquainted with those doctrines; at all events, we have not yet seen them produce any such effect. Their authors should at least permit us to wait, until their doctrines be made to accord with each other; until they have civilized or organized at least a village, or have established something practical, serious and lasting, either in Europe or America: then we may listen to them, and may assign them a place in society and in the conflict of which I am speaking. But until then, we are compelled to look upon them, either as non-existing or ineffectual: and, as society cannot wait without breathing, and as respiration for her is nothing else than her faith, a certain religious and social faith, without which no society has ever lasted, what remedy, I ask again, will you apply to the spirit of evil which threatens you?

"I frankly acknowledge that the only

remedy with which I am acquainted, is the old Christian spirit, which has preserved the life of French and European society to the present day. Take notice that I claim for this spirit no favor, no privilege, nothing that might not with equal reason be granted to any other spirit that would present itself, to afford the light which in our actual circumstances we require. And here, I will address myself even to those orators who are the foremost and have most distinguished themselves by their novel and utopian doctrines on this floor, together with those who on the opposite side have the most energetically portrayed the present evils of society, and I ask if they have, or will have hereafter no need of some doctrine or moral force different from that which they now profess? I agree with them on many points; I admit with them the wretchedness of the people, the absolute impotence of government to direct, reform, and purify the popular mind, the deleterious effects of industry when improperly applied; I coincide with them in these matters, and acknowledge the reality of many of the evils which they indicate: but I do not agree with them in principle, nor do I concur in their measures of reform. They have described in the most eloquent language the deplorable condition of the manufacturing classes in France: they have told us of the impure air which our operatives breathe in their workshops: they have depicted those sickly, debilitated and wretched generations that are springing up every where on the industrial soil of France. But permit me to ask; do they imagine that after having remedied all the evils which have been enumerated, either by the apportionment of property which they desire to effect, or by any other measures they have proposed, which are nothing more than purely financial or material expedients, do they imagine that after this they will have effected any important or permanent good for society? They tell us of the vitiated atmosphere in which the operative classes are confined; but have they to be informed, (yet far be it from me to utter a single word that would give pain to the least individual on the soil of France), have they to be informed that in the midst of that vitiated atmosphere there are thousands of persons whose hearts are deeply vitiated by infidelity and immorality? I ask whether the people have been reduced to the state which they describe, by industrial or material derangements; whether there is not a moral evil that has something to do with it? (Citizen Corbon intimates his assent.) The approbation with which I am honored by Mr. Corbon, our colleague, who is better informed than any one else in regard to the working population, proves that I have not been mistaken in coupling with the material evils that have been indicated, another evil still more profound, more radical, more painful, which the remedies they propose will not even touch. (Approval from several seats.)

"I will therefore address myself, gentlemen, to the two great parties in our country, conservatists and radicals, proprietors and *proletaires*, and I say to the one; In vain will you undertake to defend what I wish to defend with you, if you have not some moral force, some salutary teaching, with which to oppose the antagonistic doctrine. I say to the other; Even should you triumph, your victory will be a barren, absurd and hateful achievement, if you do not offer to society in its sickly state, a doctrine which may console it and heal its moral disorder. It will be said, perhaps, that we possess this doctrine, this teaching; that it is provided for in the very article of the constitution now under consideration; that the state has undertaken to supply it. It is true, for the last fifty or sixty years the state has assumed the responsibility of teaching the French people; with the exception of the seminaries destined for the education of the clergy, it has for the last fifty years controlled the business of instruction in France. But, what has been the result of its efforts? I will not enter into details

that will be more appropriately introduced in the discussion of particular laws on the subject of public instruction, but, for the present, and in corroboration of my position, I will advance certain statements which appear to me to be unquestionable. In the first place, as regards the higher branches of education, there has been a falling off both in quantity and quality, compared with the results obtained under the old *regime*. (Objections and incredulous laughter—Prolonged stir.) Take notice that it was not I who made this discovery. You are no doubt astonished, gentlemen, at the assertion I have made: but do you know where to find the evidence on which it rests? I refer you not to my own researches or prejudices; I refer you to the official labors of the university itself, represented by its chief officers, the ministers of public instruction, Mr. Villemain and Mr. de Salvandy; (oh! oh!) I refer you to the reports which they presented to the king. (Long interruption. The president of the assembly requests the members to listen to the orator.) The proof of what I here assert, in reference to the inferiority of every kind of instruction, compared with the instruction which was furnished before the revolution, is to be found in the admissions, the calculations, the cyphers of those who governed the university itself, and in the exposition of the legislative motives which they submitted, during eighteen years, on the subject which is now before us. (Interruption mingled with approbation.) I request you to read these documents before you venture to contradict my statements. You have not read them; I therefore contend that the higher departments of instruction are relatively what I have stated them to be, and I affirm the same thing of education of the secondary order; I say that the resources for this kind of instruction are much less in France at the present day, than they were in 1789. (Ah! ah!—Impossible—It is false.—*Mr. Denjoy*—It is false only for those who have not studied the subject.) It is proved by the figures of the official papers. I contend also (Interruption) . . . I am not surprised at these interruptions, but I regret them for your own sake, because I am now treating the most essential part of the question, and if I am not permitted to express my sentiments on this floor, not only in relation to general matters on which there is always more or less uniformity of opinion, but in regard to facts and figures, it seems to me that debate is no longer possible on one of the most interesting topics that can engage your attention. (Speak, speak.) I intend to speak, and I tell you in advance you will hear much more when the organic laws become the subject of our deliberations; (ah! ah!) but now I wish merely to state the results, not of my prejudices or researches, but of the official documents published by the university, and I again invite you to consult and examine them. (Interruption.) There is less of secondary instruction now, than there was prior to the year 1789, and what we have is of a very inferior quality. It produces only a certain number of laureates, who are the objects, not to say the victims, of its special and exclusive solicitude, or to speak more properly, of a training system which may be compared to that of race-horses, having no other purpose than to win glory for the university at the periods of competition. (Approbatory laughter.) Yes, all our youth are sacrificed to a false system, which results in the formation of a few extraordinary scholars, but the general effect of which is the intellectual degeneracy of the French people. (Oh! oh!—Interruption. *President of the Assembly;* I request the members not to stop the orator by continual interruptions. Freedom of debate is perfect, only when every one is permitted to express fully his opinions.) I beg leave to call the attention of those who interrupt me, to an extract from a periodical of the university; for there it is I look for information. This periodical, which is entitled *Liberty of Thought*, is

edited by the cream of the university philosophers. (Laughter.) The passage to which I allude is contained in the last number, and runs thus: 'every body learns Latin in France, and the consequence is that nobody knows it, while people know very little else.' (Approbatory laughter.) This publication, I repeat, is edited by the élite of the university philosophers, and I presume our honorable colleague, Mr. Jules Simon, has some acquaintance with it. (Renewed laughter.) He will tell us after a while.

"So much for the secondary instruction. As to the primary, I fear that in speaking of it I shall call forth still louder complaints. From the lower departments of education the state has suffered much. It has made great sacrifices, but sacrifices which checked the impulses of individual zeal by the vexations, prohibitions and persecutions to which it was subjected. The consequence is, however strange it may appear, (as I shall prove when we discuss the question of primary instruction,) the consequence is that the progress of this elementary education has been in an inverse ratio to the efforts and pecuniary sacrifices of the state. (Dissatisfaction.) You will see it. I do not mean that primary instruction has gradually and progressively diminished in France during the last fifty years; but, that it has not increased in proportion to the efforts and sacrifices which the state has made in order to diffuse it. But there is something which *has* increased in France with the march of primary instruction, and that is the commission of crime. I deplore it as well as you; but it is a fact which you may easily verify by consulting the official reports that are annually submitted by the minister of justice, whose testimony is beyond suspicion. These reports will show that crimes and offences of every kind have increased in a fearful proportion. (Interruption.) Do you deny it? Let me again inform you that my sources of information are the reports of the ministry of justice, and the debates of the academy of moral and political science, as published in the *Moniteur*, to which I refer you, and where I request you to look for arguments in answer to mine.

"What inference are we to draw from all this? It follows that the instruction which the state has furnished in France for the last fifty years, is inadequate to supply the remedy which we are looking for, and to raise up an effectual barrier against the ravages of the anti-social wave. Strictly speaking, a vast portion of the evil which is witnessed now-a-days in France, might be attributed to the education which the state has provided. (Interruption.) I will not however undertake at present to prove this assertion. (Noise.) You will not tire my patience. I have now been twenty years engaged in the discussion of this question with adversaries less formidable indeed and less obstreperous, but as the contest advances I feel that I am not to shrink from the post I have assumed, and I will maintain it. (Sensation.) Without wishing to charge the govermental education with the greater portion of the moral evil to which I have alluded, I contend that it is impossible for any enlightened and impartial man, to find in that teaching which for the last fifty years has presided over the intellectual destinies of France, the curb or barrier you have need of for averting the danger which is felt and dreaded by you all.

"In fact, permit me to observe that education, in itself, is nothing: what we want, is sound and useful education. (Movement.) Who can deny what I say? The subject may be illustrated by a very simple comparison, and one easily understood. Ignorance is a hunger of the mind. There is something, however, worse than hunger; it is poison. (Noise.) Now, false teaching is poison, and in order to know whether you give poison or nourishment to the people, you have only to ascertain what instruction is true, and what is false. (Noise.) A person may be relieved from

the effects of hunger; but he cannot recover from the effect of poison, if it has been administered in a certain quantity.

"I maintain that the education of the state, with some exceptions, (I except not only individuals and their intentions, but many portions of the public instruction itself,) the education of the state, taking things in general, has, during the last fifty years, by its pernicious teachings on the one hand, and on the other by its vexatious and persecuting policy towards individuals, administered poison to many of those whom it pretended to nourish, and reduced the rest to starvation under the pretext of preventing them from taking poison. This is the sum of what has been done by the state during the last half century. (Various objections—Prolonged uproar.) As you consider instruction a remedy, allow me to recall a fact, the memory of which ought to preside at all our deliberations, in all our meditations, and in all our apprehensions. That fact is the insurrection of June. (Agitation.) Far be it from me to utter a word that could in the slightest degree aggravate the lot of the insurgents: but, were these men who conspired against the government, devoid of instruction? You have seen them, at least some of you; and you have heard them: were they ignorant men? Had they not received that primary instruction which is your boast, and which you propose as a remedy for all the evils of society? (Numerous objections.) They all knew how to read, and had availed themselves of this knowledge; but, for what? To read the works of the honorable Mr. Proudhon and the honorable Mr. Louis Blanc?* (Renewed objections—*Different voices;* The three-fourths of the children were educated in the schools of the *Freres ignorantins.**—*Mr. Saint Gaudeus;* What did the actors of the scenes of St. Bartholomew read? *Mr. Payer;* The workmen are instructed by the *Freres ignorantins.*) I did not know that the *Freres ignorantins* were so numerous in France and in Paris. I would request the honorable Mr. Payer to consult the statistics of primary instruction, and he will there discover in what proportion the schools of the brothers are to other schools. The day after the dreadful catastrophe to which I allude, what remedy was proposed for the unhappy state of things that prevailed? A law relative to primary instruction, the very first article of which discarded religious teaching from the programme of official instruction, (true, true) and at the same time empowered the state, whose intervention I have shown to be so useless, if not disastrous, to control all the municipal schools of the country, in order to assimilate, (permit me to say it) in order to assimilate as much as possible the inhabitants of the lowest villages in France to the residents in the fauxbourgs of Paris. Such was the law proposed to you the day after the insurrection of June! (A stir in different quarters and prolonged uproar.) If you ask me, what remedy I have to suggest for the evils complained of, I answer that I have no new discoveries, no innovations to propose: I offer the most ancient, and the best tried remedy that exists under the canopy of heaven; Christian morality such as it has been taught for fourteen hundred years, in the country where we live."

* Two socialist members of the National Assembly.

* Religious brothers, who devote themselves to the instruction of the ignorant classes.

(The conclusion next month.)

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Circular.—To the Clergy and Laity of the Archdiocess of Baltimore.*—Venerable and Beloved Brethren:—Many of you are aware that, for several years, it has been the object of my most ardent desires to open St. Charles's College, for the preparatory education of youths destined to the ecclesiastical state. I am happy at length to announce to you that the obstacles which have retarded this auspicious consummation have been removed. The debt due on the buildings has been liquidated, and, through the blessing of Providence, the Institution will, on the first day of November, be ready for the reception of pupils under the charge of reverend gentlemen, whose piety, zeal, and acquirements are a guaranty of its stability and successful operation.

While the church is happily extending her boundaries, the number of laborers does not increase in proportion to the harvest which is spreading and thickening around them. In this diocess, as elsewhere, numerous Congregations are either entirely destitute of Pastors, or are visited at distant and uncertain intervals. Not only are we deprived of the means of enlightening the thousands who know not and therefore blaspheme the spotless Spouse of Christ; but we have not unfrequently, from the same cause, to deplore the lukewarmness or prevarication of the children of the faith. In fact, were it not for the co-operation of devoted clergymen from foreign lands, still more lamentable would be the condition of our Missions. But even from that source, we cannot expect long to fill up the ranks of the holy ministry. The experience of all ages and Christian countries proves that a National Church must seek within its own bosom the resources of its own fecundity and prosperity. The Divine Author of our holy religion fails not to provide fit and abundant instruments for its preservation and propagation. Youth are not wanting who, at an early period, feel themselves called to the holy ministry. But we have not provided adequate means to foster and shelter their pious yearnings. The continued contact with those of their own age, but actuated by different views and sentiments, if not professing a different religion, has, in our best of colleges, proved but too generally fatal to most unequivocal vocations. St. Charles's College is intended to supply this vital and primary want of our American church. I commend it most earnestly to the zeal and charity of the clergy and laity of my diocess. The Prospectus annexed will explain the system and regulations of the Institution. The more effectually to promote the important objects contemplated, I request:

First. That the Pastors of the different congregations shall read this Circular to their assembled flocks at the earliest opportunity, and, on the Sunday following, take up a Collection for furnishing the house, and defraying other expenses of immediate necessity.

Secondly. That they shall take up, every year, a Collection in their Churches on Easter Sunday, or, when circumstances require it, on some other Sunday in the Paschal time.

Thirdly. That they shall be careful to find out such boys as show promising marks of a Clerical vocation.

Fourthly. That they shall exert themselves to contribute to defray the expenses of needy applicants.

Fifthly. That the Laity and the Religious Communities will generously co-operate in this highly meritorious work.

The Holy Sacrifice and a general Communion of St. Charles's pupils will be offered monthly for the spiritual and temporal welfare of benefactors.

Given at Baltimore, October 5th, 1848.

† SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

Prospectus of St. Charles's College, near Ellicott's Mills, Maryland.—The object of this Institution is to give a religious and classical education only to that class of youth, whose piety, natural endowments, and aptitude for Church ceremonies and functions, give sufficient indications of a vocation to the ECCLESIASTICAL STATE. These indications are left to the decision of their Confessor, whose recommendation will be required for their reception. If however, upon examination, any

one is found unsuited to the clerical state, he will be advised to retire. Every effort will be made to promote the happiness of those confided to the care of the institution; to maintain a spirit of piety, and the practice of those Christian virtues, which will prepare them for becomingzealous and efficient clergymen, and future ornaments of the sanctuary.

Studies.—The course of studies will be solid, and sufficiently ample for any state of life, comprising the LATIN, GREEK, ENGLISH, FRENCH, and GERMAN LANGUAGES; HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, MATHEMATICS, MORAL and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. The study of the CATHOLIC DOCTRINE, RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES and SINGING will also form an essential portion of the education imparted by the establishment.

Terms.—The terms, for the whole year, including BOARD, EDUCATION, and all expenses *except clothing*, are $100; or $130, if clothing be provided by the College. On account of the lowness of the terms, no student will be admitted whose board is not paid half-yearly in advance. Towards the close of each semi-annual session, notice will be given of the payments to be made, either by the parents of the student, or by those who are pledged for his support.

Rev. OLIVER L. JENKINS,
October 5, 1848. *President.*

Confirmation.—October 8th, 77 persons were confirmed at Hancock, and on the 15th, 188 received the same sacrament at Upper Marlboro', most of whom were colored people, and seventeen of whom were converts.

The following notice we have received from a respectable Catholic of Hagerstown, to whom we are much indebted:

"HAGERSTOWN, *October 17th*, 1848.

"On the two first Sundays (1st and 8th) of the present month, the Most Reverend the Archbishop conferred the sacrament of Confirmation at this place and Hancock. There were 89 confirmed at this place and 78 at the last, making in all 117. Of these, about 13 were converts. The Archbishop delivered most eloquent and impressive discourses at each place; and so great were the crowds wending their way to the churches to witness the ceremonies usual on these occasions, that many were disappointed in being able to obtain seats. The occasion was one of the highest gratification to every Catholic who witnessed it, and to the zealous and efficient labors of their worthy pastor is to be attributed this happy result. The discourses of the Archbishop at both places deeply interested the strangers who were present and left a most favorable impression upon them. The crowded audiences conducted themselves throughout with the utmost decorum, and gave evidence of the deep hold which the solemn services of the church are calculated to make on the minds of all who have the happiness to witness them."

Reception.—On the 30th of September were admitted to the white veil in the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick city, Md., Miss Alecia Donnelly of Frederick city (Sister Mary Agnes,) Miss Ann Jane Kerr of New York city (Sister Mary Eulalia,) Miss Mary Lilly of Conewago, Pa. (Sister Mary Clare.) The Most Rev. Archbishop presided on the occasion.

Circular.—The governor of Maryland having designated Thursday, the 23d of November next, as a day of prayer and thanksgiving to the Almighty, I request the pastors of the congregations throughout the state, to have on that day, in their respective churches, such services as may be suitable to the occasion, and circumstances may permit.

Given at Baltimore, October 20th, 1848.

† SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

Young Catholics' Friend Society.—At a meeting of the Young Catholics' Friend Society, held August the 7th, 1848, the following gentlemen were elected members: George M. Robinson, James O'Neill, James Cassidy, Robert B. Eckerman, James McDonald, Robert C. Barry, T. M. Lanahan, and Outerbridge Horsey. At a subsequent meeting, held September 3d, 1848, the following gentlemen were elected: W. V. Jenkins, Joseph Deloste, John Gunn, H. H. Burgess, Charles A. Le Loup, George P. Bradford, Henry Bennett, Alexius O. Baughn, and Edward Brennan. Also, at a meeting held October 1st, Mr. John Macklin was unanimously elected a member.

DIOCESS OF PITTSBURG.—*Religious Profession.*—On Monday last, Sept. 25th, in the Convent chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, assisted by the Rev. Mr. McMahon, of Lexington, Ky., and the clergymen of the city, received the vows and presided at the religious profession of Miss Anne Helena Lambert (Sister Mary Paula,) Miss Ellen Corbett (Sister Mary Clare Xavier,) and Miss Margaret Quinn (Sister Mary Patricia.) —*Pittsburg Catholic.*

Mercy Hospital.—Report of the Committee of the Brotherhood of St. Joseph having charge of the Mercy Hospital since the opening of the new building in May last:

Number of Patients admitted,.....		146
do.	do. discharged, cured or convalescent,.....	114
do.	do. died,.....	14
do.	do. remaining in the Hospital,.....	18
Of these were Males,.....		118
	Females,.....	28
	Colored,.....	00

In offering the above report, the Committee, on behalf of the Institution, return their grateful acknowledgments to those charitable and humane persons who so zealously exerted themselves to procure a refuge for the sick and disabled, a shelter for those who, if it had not been for their charity, might have died strangers in a strange land, without either the consolations of religion, or of the rights of humanity.

Numbers have been restored to health and strength who otherwise would have been in their graves, or lingering out a miserable existence, alike the victims of penury and ill health. Whilst the institution has been an asylum for many who have been born and raised in our midst, it has been to the poor stranger of incalculable benefit. Several, who have been nursed and attended with more than a mother's care, have exclaimed (whilst applying for admission,) "I am sick; I have no money; I have nowhere to go if I am not admitted; I may die on the streets." How many would have been reduced to this last distressing necessity, had it not been for your liberality, is known only to Him who knows all things, and to those more immediately in charge of the Institution.—*Ibid.*

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Ordination.*—Mr. Joseph A. Kelly, a professed brother of the order of St. Dominick, was ordained subdeacon at St. Joseph's Convent, Perry county, on the 9th September, by Right Rev. Bishop Purcell.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

Confirmation.—Thirty-four persons were confirmed in Covington on last Sunday, October 15th.

There were seventy-five persons confirmed in Holy Trinity Church, Somerset, on Sunday, 12th September. Fifty on Monday, at St. Louis B., Rehoboth; sixty-four at St. Patrick's on Tuesday; twenty-three at St. Francis de Sales, Newark, on Thursday and Friday following. In all these churches there were many edifying and highly intelligent converts confirmed, some of whom had been previously, in the presence of the congregation, baptized. We were exceedingly gratified at these results in places where we could not have anticipated their occurrence.

At St. Mary's church, Lancaster, seventy-three persons were confirmed on the 17th.

Logan, Hocking Co.—The Bishop preached in the court-house on Tuesday evening, 19th inst., and on the following day the new church of St. John was blessed, and forty-three persons confirmed. This new church, the improvements made since our last visit in the church of Lancaster, and the large number of eminently well instructed candidates for confirmation, attest the zeal and devotedness of the Rev. Josue M. Young, who has applied himself so diligently and successfully to the study of the German, in behalf of a large portion of his flock, which must otherwise have been left destitute of instruction—as to be able to converse and preach fluently in that language. On Thursday there were three confirmed in the church of Our Lady of Dolours, Chauncey, Athens co., which we had not been able to visit before this year, as announced. This congregation needs more pastoral attention than can, unfortunately, for the present, be afforded to it. Again another confirmation of a young lawyer from Pomeroy, at Logan.

Columbus.—The church of the Holy Cross greatly improved since its dedication. Sanctuary and altar beautiful—choir excellent—Pastor devoted, &c. Seventy-five confirmed.

Among the confirmed at Columbus were nine converts.

At Delaware, church was held in the house of a worthy German Catholic. There were several communions and three confirmed, one of whom was a convert from Lutheranism. Bishop preached to a large audience in the court-house.

Xenia.—The Holy Sacrifice was offered, and several persons received Holy Communion, at the residence of Mr. Klein. One person was confirmed. Owing to a political meeting, the court-house was not obtained for preaching. The citizens, generally, are anxious for the erection of a Catholic church, to which a few have promised to subscribe liber-

ally. Arrangements were commenced for procuring a suitable lot for a church. From the spirit evinced by the subscribers, we hope to see this effort also crowned, shortly, with success.—*Ib.*

Springfield.—The new and handsome church at this place, it is hoped, will be under roof in a week or two.—*Ib.*

At St. Patrick's the zealous father O'Brien celebrated the anniversary of the establishment of the Temperance Society, in his congregation. Between two and three thousand persons walked in procession with banners and music; and, after an address, which lasted an hour, and which was delivered by the Bishop from a stage erected in a wood near the beautiful and large new church, all partook of a splendid repast furnished by the congregation. It was, altogether, one of the best "got up" affairs we have ever witnessed, or that, we think, could be witnessed elsewhere. The worthy Pastor assured us that there had not been one solitary instance of intoxication among his flock, for the last four years! Would to God that the like could be said of every other?

We were much pleased to hear of the increasing prosperity of St. Mary's Female Seminary, at Somerset, where the devoted Sisterhood leave nothing undone to inspire a truly and eminently religious spirit into the minds of their pupils, while they qualify them by literary attainments, to move with becoming grace in the various stations of life, which may be allotted to them by Divine Providence.—*Ib.*

Taking the Veil.—The reception of two young ladies, Miss Mary Malony and Miss Ellen Lynch, natives of South Carolina, into the Ursuline Convent, in this city, took place on Thursday last, October 12th, in the Convent chapel. A large number of visitors, including Protestants as well as Catholics, were present, and all were edified by the ceremony. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell preached on the occasion.—*Ib.*

Corner Stone.—The corner stone of a new church was laid on the 11th October by Rev. Mr. Luhr, at Canal Dover.

The corner stone of a new church was placed last Sunday, in Lawrence county, between the Pine Grove and Etna Furnaces, by Rev. Mr. Thienpont. Rev. Mr. Gavienzel, of this city, preached twice on the occasion, to immense audiences.—*Ib.*

Catholic Free Schools.—The following statement exhibits the number of children attending the Catholic Free Schools of the city (Cincinnati). The amount paid by each scholar is twenty-five cents a month.

St. Peter's (Cathedral)	302
Holy Trinity	300
St. Mary's	650
St. John's	500
St. Joseph's	210
St. Michael's	70
St. Philomena	115
St. Xavier	380
Christ Church	80
	2607

The free schools attached to the Orphan Asylum under the direction of the Sisters of Charity, and the free schools of the Convents, will swell the number to upwards of three thousand children. There are also free schools attached to the Catholic Churches in Covington and Newport attended by nearly three hundred pupils.—*Ib.*

Retreat and Synod.—We learn from the *Catholic Telegraph* that a spiritual retreat for the clergy of the Diocess of Cincinnati, will be opened on the 30th of November, and will be followed by a diocesan Synod. The retreat will be under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Whelan, of Richmond.

Diocess of Louisville.—*The Very Rev. J. M'Gill.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget has appointed the Very Rev. John M'Gill Vicar General of the diocess. In the absence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Coadjutor, letters on business may be addressed to him.—*Cath. Advocate.*

Confirmation.— Good Shepherd's Penitent Asylum.—On Sunday, the 17th inst., the Rt. Rev. Bishop Coadjutor administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, in the chapel of this institution, to fifteen of the penitents.

Nazareth.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Coadjutor officiated on Tuesday the 19th, in the chapel of the Nazareth Female Academy, and confirmed ten young ladies, of whom one was a convert to the Catholic faith.—*Catholic Adv.*

Episcopal Visitation.—We are gratified to have it in our power, through the courtesy of a friend, to place before our readers the following interesting particulars respecting the visitations of the Right Rev. Bishop Coadjutor. He has, we are informed, visited nearly all the religious and literary institutions in Nelson, Washington and Marion counties, and found them in a highly flourishing con-

dition. In the school at Calvary there are twenty-five boarders; and at St. Magdalen's Academy, about forty, which number, at so early a period of the session, augurs a full list for the current scholastic year. At Nazareth there are upwards of ninety. At St. Mary's College, there are sixty-two boarders and ten externs.

On the 20th of September, the Rt. Rev. Bishop visited the Convent of St. Rose, and administered the sacrament of confirmation to four novices of that establishment. The Noviciate has only been recently opened. At present, it contains five Novices; but others are expected to enter in a short time.

On the 24th of September, the Rt. Rev. Bishop made the Episcopal Visitation at St. Catherine's church, New Haven. This day had been designated for the dedication of the new church, recently erected by the exertions of its pastor, the Rev. R. A. Abell. The sacred edifice, an ornament to the town of New Haven, and a highly creditable monument of the pious zeal of the pastor and flock of that place and vicinity, is built of brick, and is a fine specimen of Grecian style of architecture, and simply but beautifully finished. On this occasion it was crowded to overflowing. Besides the bishop, the following priests were present; Rev. D. A. Deparcq, Rev. J. M. Lancaster, Rev. Robert Burns, Rev. B. J. Spalding, D. D., Rev. Father Panlinus of the order of Trappists, with the pastor, Rev. R. A. Abell. The dedication ceremony was performed by the bishop, who also preached an eloquent sermon, which was listened to throughout, with the utmost interest and attention. Rev. Father Panlinus celebrated the mass.

After the ceremonies of blessing the church were finished, the bishop proceeded to hold the Episcopal Visitation according to the forms and requirements given in the Roman Pontifical; and afterwards he administered the sacrament of confirmation to twenty-three persons, of whom twenty on that day had also made their first communion. Confirmation had been administered in this congregation last year to ninety-one persons by Rt. Rev. Bishop Miles of Nashville. At the conclusion of a three days retreat, which ended on the day of the dedication, about two hundred persons received the holy communion. This congregation contains in all about eighty families.

On Sunday evening the Rt. Rev. Bishop left New Haven, and reached St. Clare's church, Clear Creek, on the following morning. After a three days retreat, the Bishop administered confirmation to thirty-seven persons, of whom two were converts to our holy religion. The total number of communicants was one hundred and forty, of whom nine received the holy communion for the first time.—*Ib.*

Clerical Retreat.—A retreat for the clergy of the diocess will be held at St. Thomas's Seminary on Wednesday evening, November 8th, the Octave of all Saints. All the secular clergy will be expected to attend, unless specially exempted by the Bishop. They will please bring with them their soutanes and surplices.—*Ib.*

A Festival at the Good Shepherd's Convent.—Yesterday, the 20th October, being the day on which the Order of "Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd," with the authorization of the Holy See, celebrates solemnly the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the venerable Bishop Flaget officiated at the morning service in the chapel of this convent, and addressed a few appropriate and pathetic remarks to the community. Twenty-two of the penitents went to holy Communion on the occasion.—*Catholic Advocate.*

Episcopal Visitation.—On Wednesday evening, October 4th, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Coadjutor, having completed the Visitation on the same day at the church of St. Ignatius, of which we published an account last week, proceeded with the Missionaries to St. Benedict's church, in Grayson county; and the retreat was opened on the following morning. We regret that the edifying account of the retreat and visitation in this church has come too late for this week's paper.—*Ib.*

Diocess of Philadelphia.—*Corner-Stone.*—On the 24th September the corner-stone of a new church was laid with the usual ceremonies, at Gloucester, N. J., by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Philadelphia, assisted by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Waldron, the Rev. Mr. Tornatori, the Rev. Mr. Rossi, and ten of the seminarians. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Bishop delivered an appropriate discourse, in his usual paternal and happy style.—*Cath. Herald.*

Diocess of New York.—*Corner-Stone.*—At the appointed hour on last Sunday, Sept. 10th, the ceremony of laying the corner stone

of St. Bridget's church, was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes in the presence of a great crowd of people.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Diocess of Albany.—*Episcopal Visitation.*—The Rt. Rev. Dr. M'Closkey administered confirmation recently to a large number of persons at Whitehall, and Corbeau; on the 23d September he confirmed one hundred at Malone; the following day one hundred and twenty were confirmed at Fort Covington; on the 26th, he dedicated a church to the worship of God at Waddington, seventy-five feet long by forty in width; at Waddington also one hundred and fifty persons were confirmed; at Ogdensburg forty-nine. September 30th, the Bishop confirmed thirty persons at French Creek; the following day thirty-six were confirmed at Rosiere. October 4th, the Bishop blessed a new church at Redwood, and confirmed thirty-seven persons. October 8th, ninety were confirmed at Watertown. On the 10th, ninety-four were confirmed at Carthage.—*Cor. Freeman's Journal.*

Diocess of Boston.—*Corner-Stone.*—On Sunday, October 8th, the corner-stone of a new church, under the invocation of St. Bernard, was laid in the flourishing town of Fitchburg, according to the form prescribed in the ritual, by Rev. M. W. Gibson, pastor of the Mission, assisted by Rev. Messrs. B. J. Leclaire, pastor of Our Lady of the Angels, Stanbridge, (Canada,) J. Boyce of Worcester, J. Williams and N. O'Brien of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston.—*Cath. Observer.*

Diocess of Vincennes.—*Confirmation.*—We learn from a correspondent of the *Catholic Advocate*, that the Right Rev. Bishop Miles confirmed sixty-two persons at Evansville, on Sunday the 24th September.

Diocess of New Orleans.—*Episcopal Visitation.*—On the 24th August, the Right Rev. Bishop Blanc held an ordination in St. Charles's church, Grand Coteau, when he conferred the holy tonsure and minor orders on Mr. John Montellot, minor orders on Mr. Darius Honoré Habert, and the diaconate on Mr. Joseph Lavay, all of the Society of Jesus. On the 27th, he confirmed fifty-nine persons in the same church, and promoted the Rev. Mr. Lavay, deacon, to the holy order of priesthood. On the 29th, he confirmed one hundred and nine persons in St. Landry's church, Opelousas; on the 31st, forty-one persons were confirmed at Vermillionville; on the 6th September, fifteen were confirmed in the new church of St. Magdalen at Abbeville; on the 10th, sixty-two at St. Martinville; on the 14th, seventy-three at Port Brand; on the 17th, one hundred and twenty-nine at New Iberia, and on the 20th, nineteen more in the same place; on the 24th, thirty-four at Charenton; on the 27th, forty at Patterson; on the 29th, seventy-two in the church of Bayou Bœuf; on the 30th, on the canal to lake Verret, seventy-five: making in all seven hundred and twenty-eight persons confirmed in five weeks.—*Prop. Cath.*

Dedication.—On the 10th of September, the new church of Carrolton was blessed by the Very Rev. Mr. Rousselon.—*Ibid.*

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 26th September, at the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, Sister Julia (Shirk,) aged 55 years, thirty-eight of which she had passed in the community of which she was a member.

At New Orleans, on the 12th September, Father John Baptist Leo Maisonnabee. He was born in France, in the Diocess of Bayonne on the 10th of May, 1805. Having early felt a vocation for the ecclesiastical state, as soon as he had finished his collegiate course, he went to the seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, to make his studies of divinity. Whilst in this institution he distinguished himself so much by his happy disposition and brilliant talents, that, on his return to his native diocess, he was, though very young, appointed by the Bishop, professor in the Theological Seminary; and during several years he taught there Divinity and Canon law with much success. But he felt himself called to a more perfect life, and he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in October, 1832. Soon after his profession, he was appointed to the head of one of the institutions of the order, in which his instructions and his example did the greatest good. Many members formed there by him, are now laboring with success in the missions of China, of India, and of America. Appreciating his rare qualifications, and judging that he could render still greater services in the United States, his superiors sent him here last year, and confided to him the direction of the houses of the order already founded, or which may be yet founded in the Southern States. His experience in administration, his prudence, his firmness, and his active mind, fitted him eminently for that office. His piety was most

exemplary, and his zeal indefatigable. Since his arrival in N. Orleans, in July, 1847, he had preached the Ecclesiastical retreat to the Diocesan clergy, the novena for the festival of Christmas at the cathedral, the lenten station at Baton Rouge, and given in St. Michael's church, a series of instructions of 15 days, besides several retreats preached in different religious communities. He had again this year consented to preach the ecclesiastical retreat, the Christmas novena, and the lenten station at the cathedral. All these labors did not hinder him from attending with the most minute care, to the direction of the Colleges of Grand Coteau and of Mobile; and he was preparing to open a new house of education in the city of New Orleans, where he had already purchased suitable grounds. His funeral, which took place on Wednesday, the 14th, was very numerously attended, by citizens of all denominations. For all those that had known him, could not help esteeming and admiring in him, all the qualities which characterize a well educated man, and all the virtue which constitute the holy Priest.—*Catholic Advocate.*

Of consumption, on the 10th October, 1848, at 2 o'clock, A. M., at the residence of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, 77 3rd Avenue, the Rev. Pierre Marie Lebreton, S. J., born in the diocess of Vannes, in France, 26th Jan., 1809; entered the Society of Jesus February 7, 1830; was ordained priest Sept. 22, 1838; was sent to Kentucky in 1839; came to St. John's College, Fordham, in 1847; had for several years been in a delicate state of health, and was seized with spitting of blood in the beginning of May, since which time he has been confined.—*Freeman's Journal.*

FOREIGN.

The Alleged Intellectual Deficiencies of Catholicism.—Opponents of the Catholic Church differ strangely in their mode of viewing her, whichever be the aspect to which they direct their speculations, but in their views of her intellectual aspect this variation is especially apparent. One set of disputants will be struck with a certain mysterious dread of her wisdom, her wonderful knowledge of the human mind, and skill in addressing herself to the reason as well as the heart and the senses. Another set, on the contrary, will speak with the most supreme contempt of Catholicism and Catholics in this very point of intellectual eminence. They will contrast a country like Scotland with Spain or Portugal; place Zurich side by side with Lucerne, and ask us to name historians, poets, philosophers, politicians, who can meet those who now control the mind of all Europe, and are to a great extent successfully remoulding it on purely rationalistic principles. They challenge a comparison of the general cultivation of mind in Catholic countries with those in Protestant or infidel, and of the individual eminence attained by the great thinkers on either side in the various provinces of human speculation.

In answering this objection, which naturally weighs much, at this present time, with political observers, one thing cannot be too strongly enforced, which is, that knowledge and the power of acquiring knowledge have nothing in them that is either moral or religious. Intellectual proficiency, general or individual, as it does not necessarily imply immorality, or irreligion, so it just as little implies morality or religion. To say that this material frame of things has impressed a certain array of conceptions on one man's mind, more brilliant and numerous than upon the mind of another, no more argues the existence of moral virtue or viciousness in him, than the reflection of objects in a mirror would argue that the mirror possessed the attributes of virtue or vice. So that if we said: Granted that in politics, an Ochsenbein or a Druey have been able to crush and trample on Catholic minorities; that in war, which is also a province of the intellect, Catholic and Saxon England was overrun by the unbelieving Danes, or Catholic Italy by the Arian Lombards; that a majority of the leading intellects of modern Europe, such as Strauss, Michelet, Comte, and their followers, carry on a disdainful hostility with the very principle of faith; granted all this (which is only to be done with some large limitations and explanations,) not the slightest step has been made towards the real question at issue, no more than if it were fully proved that Protestants were taller and stronger than Catholics, or that they had better eyesight, or the like material advantages. Material, scientific, and political excellence are all good or bad instrumentally, but in themselves they are neither bad nor good, neither religious nor irreligious.

If then we granted, in a certain sense, the present political or intellectual inferiority of Catholics, and if we proceeded to endeavor to account for it, this must be considered as a boon to our assailants, and as having, in reality, nothing to do with the matter in dispute, which is whether there are grounds for thinking that Divine Wisdom intended man should listen to the Church, and that in the Church only the highest end of our whole being is attainable. Perhaps history has not yet developed itself sufficiently to supply the full solution of this difficulty; but the records of the past, the circumstances which attend the present position of Catholics all over the world, and the nature of the case itself, antecedently to all circumstances, offer surely the elements of a reasonable answer. The intellectual prominence of Catholicity has very much varied in different ages, or rather it has seemed to vary, as times and people have altered, whilst it remains, the

only fixed, unchangeable quantity amidst a world of ceaseless change. Thus, no one can read the earliest uninspired writings of the Christian Church, comparing them with those of the century of Ambrose and Chrysostom, and not acknowledge the immense intellectual difference between the two. The Catholics of the former age, as their rude, ill-spelt monuments in the Catacombs show, were an unlearned people, as in many countries of Europe the Catholics are now. There is clear evidence that the rationalist intellect of that day, prided itself on its scientific wealth, and despised the simplicity of the Catholics, much in the way in which we behold it carrying itself now. Afterwards Catholicity triumphed, and the intellect of the world went with it for many centuries. Again, just before the æra of the Protestant Reformation, the world, not the church, had altered, and the intellect rebelled against the supremacy of faith. But no one can read the post-reformation history of Spain, of Italy, and of France without admitting that the Church very shortly after that epoch entered upon quite a new career of intellectual triumph. In politics, in commerce, in science, in philosophy, she again ruled the general European mind. The mere list of Spanish historians; the humble and distant respect shown in England, in the time of Elizabeth, to Italian literature; the illustrious and memorable names which adorned the societies of the Jesuits, of the Oratory, and, later on, the Order of Benedictines, are enough to substantiate this. Yet even this was only, so to speak, an *accident* of the church. Even without this intellectual splendor, she would have been just what she was before, when hidden in the Catacombs; what she is now, when her Orders are proscribed, and her education trammelled—the Spouse of Christ, one and undefiled, alone claiming the allegiance of mankind.

A variety of causes have operated, in most European countries, to repress the intellectual advance of Catholic bodies; some of them being local, and others the results of a cause which exists everywhere the same. In our own country, for centuries together, Catholics have been denied citizenship, that great instrument of intellectual progress; they have been denied access to the great seats of learning; the government of the country, like Julian the Apostate, deliberately endeavored to throw every check it possibly could in the way of the mental advance of the children of the Church. In Ireland, of course, we need not say these causes of repression operated with a virus of tenfold strength. If the faith was preserved intact, as it has been; if the moral and supernatural training of Catholics was so great that they can show long catalogues of martyrs in their annals, they need not envy Protestantism anything. It would not be difficult to point out similarly independent and local causes of depression in other countries; for example, in Mexico, the expulsion of all the Priests and Bishops of Spanish origin, which left the Church in a state of spiritual inanition, when it became a question not of educational progress, but of existence. In earlier times, instances of this are afforded in the Ecclesiastical history of the Scandinavian countries, and of Wales.

But these varying and local circumstances, which of course it would require much research fully to investigate, all arise from the ancient, unceasing tendency of the human mind to resist authority, and to hate control. The course of history has latterly been to give this tendency an unprecedented developement, which it has exhibited in a highly systematic and subtle warfare against the Church. In almost every European country, even those commonly called Catholic, the Church, as far as possible, has been put into chains, and whilst all other systems have been allowed the fullest expansion, hers has been hampered, constrained, and interfered with. Gradually, by infidel propagandism, and by causes intimately connected with their political progress, the class which of all others is peculiarly studious of intellectual advance has been rent from the Church. The middle classes have been vitiated with scepticism and have lent to it all the powers of their position, all their vitality and energy, whilst the very highest, averse to stir, and the lower class, unable from their poverty and want of leisure to make any considerable intellectual acquisitions, have throughout Europe generally remained faithful. It must not be forgotten that the "getting and striving," the absorbing, pushing spirit which attends commercial greatness, such as that of the modern "middle classes," may indeed be highly favorable to the sharpness and strength of the intellect, but it is anything but favorable to humility, to purity, and to holiness. If the course of history, that is to say, the instincts and the passions of mankind, have thrown the means of education very much in the hands of a class adverse to the Church, that is no argument against the Church, unless it were shown (which we suppose no candid person will think of maintaining) that Protestantism or Pantheism has produced, or can produce, anything like that awful yet loving ideal of goodness which shines forth among the Saints and heroes of the Catholic Church. The answer to all objectors is the question, "In what does the real perfection of man consist?"

Again; a consideration of the nature of the case shows it to be likely that Protestantism will often excel Catholicism in mere knowledge, because knowledge with the former is an end, with the latter only a means. The Catholic would cultivate his mind because it is a gift from God, which he ought to cultivate, but he would not sacrifice all things to the intellect, any more than he would think of imitating the Greeks of old, and spend half his education over gymnastics. When we read of a Protestant chemist, like Berzelius, working at his art, with retort and crucible, when death was visibly and momentarily at hand; or of a Protestant politician, like the late Sir William Follet, eagerly and ardently reading the newspapers when actually on his dying bed, we behold before us all the difference that exists

between the intellectual status of Catholicity and non-Catholicity. The one succeeds, yet less than the other, in mere science and the conduct of affairs, because it prefers deliberately to treat them as secondary objects; the other makes in them a startling and incredible progress, because it limits itself to them, ignoring the question whether or no there is perhaps something else, to which these things ought to be only ancillary and instrumental.—*Tablet.*

ITALY.—The *Rivista Indipendente*, of Florence, publishes the following articles, which, it is said, form the basis of the negotiations for an Italian league:—1. A national diet, formed by election, will sit at Rome, under the presidence of the pope. 2. All the governments of Italy will have their representatives there. 3. The diet is the supreme power, which regulates the general interests of the nation, makes peace and war, sends representatives to foreign powers, and concludes treaties of commerce. 4. The customs league shall immediately be established, and all frontier hindrances be removed; a uniform standard of weights and measures and money shall be adopted. 5. The army shall be regulated by a common system. 6. Tithes of capacity shall be valid throughout the national territory.—*Ibid.*

Rome.—The *Epoca*, of Rome, of the 15th, announces that the Roman ministry have resigned *en masse*. M. Rossi, formerly a peer, and ambassador of France, is intrusted with the formation of a new cabinet.

Letters from Rome of the 17th inst. announce officially the composition of the new ministry as follows: Cardinal Soglio, secretary of state, minister of foreign affairs, and president of the council; Count Rossi, minister of the interior, and *ad interim* of finance; Cardinal Vizzardelli, minister of public instruction; the Advocate Cicognani, minister of grace and justice; Professor Montanari, minister of commerce; the Duke de Rignano, minister of public works, and *ad interim* of war; Count Guarini, minister without office; M. Righetti, substitute for the minister of finance.—*Ibid.*

State of Rome.—The New Ministry.—We translate the following from the Roman correspondent of the *Univers*, under date Sept. 16:—

"We have M. Rossi for Minister; this will amuse you at Paris, but wait awhile, and don't be in too great a hurry to judge. Our old ambassador is charged at once with the interior, with the finances, and with the police. In each of these departments he will have plenty to do. Mamiani had disorganized everything and squandered everything. People said: 'The priests know nothing of affairs; in finance and political economy especially they are incapable; here come the philosophers, what splendid reforms we shall have!' Mamiani has come, but not the reforms. Not a single abuse has disappeared, and abuses more numerous and more crying have been introduced. To give you an idea of these I shall state some facts.

"One of the first acts of Mamiani was to order sixty functionaries to retire to enjoy, without doing anything, their entire salary as a retreating pension. Sixty relations or friends of the minister were called to replace them, and to finger an equal salary, and these new functionaries are to the old ones pretty much what M. Ledru Rollin's commissaries are to your old administrators; that is to say, their devotion to the revolutionary party stood them in place of capacity and of administrative experience.

"Before Mamiani's access to power, the *Gazetta di Roma*, far from costing the treasury anything, brought it in every year a good 1,000 of Roman scudi, which the privileged editors paid as newspaper-tax, and had a very respectable livelihood when that was paid. Mamiani takes away the privilege, gets hold of the *Gazetta*, places his creatures in it, gives in the name of the State 200 scudi a month to the editors, 80 to the *gèrant*, 30 to the corrector, 25 to a clerk, and the same to a distributor, so that the *Gazetta* costs the Treasury 4,000 or 5,000 Roman scudi (25,000 or 26,000 francs), without reckoning the expenses of printing, paper, posting, &c., all which formerly were paid for by the editors.

"These are details, but I could produce a crowd of similar facts which, joined to the silly expenditure incurred by the sad expedition of Vicenza, have completed the ruin of the finances of the Pontifical State. It was said that during the reign of Mamiani the spoliation was systematic, and pursued with a secret object. This object was no other than the sale of the Ecclesiastical property, and I much fear that that has been attained.

"You know that, to assist the State, several religious bodies offered, with a generosity of which our anarchists make no account, to engage a portion of their property. The Pope authorised this patriotic act, and the ministry

were enabled to issue treasury bonds, the payment of which was guaranteed on the credit of this immovable property. Meantime, the Sovereign Pontiff arranged that an entry in the great book, of equal value to that of the property thus engaged, should guarantee the proprietors, in case the sale should become necessary. Now, behold the result. The bank bills, which up to this time had a forced circulation, ceased on Sept. 10. The treasury bonds, guaranteed on the credit of the Church property, replace them. On the other hand, silver has entirely disappeared; in a little time everybody will have these treasury bonds in their hands. On January 1st it will be necessary to pay them, which cannot be done except by selling—who can tell at what price?—the property of the *Luoghi Pii*, by which these bonds are guaranteed. They will find themselves drawn on to this without hesitation, or at least it seems that there is no hesitation on the subject.

"I know well that as a question of right there is nothing to be said upon this; and that the sale, if it proves to be unavoidable, as I fear, cannot in any way be assimilated to the sacrilegious confiscations of which other countries have given us the example. It was entirely of their own accord that the lawful proprietors engaged their property, and the Chief of the Church authorised them in doing so. Moreover, they will have the entries on the books of the State to clear the loss, and the day may come when the State will be in a condition to reimburse them. All has been done, I repeat, legitimately and regularly. However, the mere fact of the sale would be very mournful. The resources of the Church would be diminished; it would be for cultivation and for the poor a loss that would long be felt; besides which the multitude would only look at the fact; they would take it as an ascertained fact that Church property is no longer inviolable. Lastly, it would be a precedent for the future, and might sooner or later be the means to bringing on the most disastrous results.

"To turn to another subject. They have succeeded in getting together a few hundreds of volunteers, to whom they give two paoli a day. Behold all that our patriots could do for the defence of Italy. So far, these volunteers have been in no hurry to set out for Venice; they had suffered too much in the campaign of Vicenza; besides, it was necessary to hinder the Jesuits from re-entering Rome, and that is the reason why they stay here.

"The celebrated Abbate Rosmini-Serbati has been at Rome for some time; he has had several audiences of the Sovereign Pontiff. Everybody knows that he is charged with a mission for the King of Sardinia, but no body knows its nature and object. One meets him, always the same, and walking, dressed in his modest priestly attire. His piety does not attract to him the sympathies of our revolutionaries, and in spite of his merit as a philosopher and a writer, in spite of his patriotism, he has not received the shadow of the noisy fêtes and ovations of which Gioberti was the object.

"You read our Catholic journals, and will have observed with what prudence, firmness, information and talent, is edited the *Constituzionale Romano*. The principal editor, who is a Frenchman, has already received several anonymous letters which threaten him with poison; his friends fear he will end by being assassinated, as has already been the learned and able Abbate Ximenes, editor of the *Labaro*. O God! where are we, when one has reason to rejoice at having Catholic journals in Rome, and when, in the capital of the Christian world, one cannot write in defence of the Chief of the Church and of religion without risking one's life.

"The famous Father Gavazzi has been dismissed from the Order of the Barnabites, to which he belonged; which does not prevent him from wearing the habit, and from continuing his demagogical preachings in the public places of Bologna. Orders have been given to have him arrested; but the state of public feeling in Bologna would not allow of these orders being executed. That town is now tranquil; thanks to the arrival of Cardinal Amat, and also in some measure to the assassination of a carabineer. The wretches, who after the retreat of the Austrians, the authorities had been unable to disarm, and who carried all before them at Bologna, had already immolated a score of victims, when one of them took into his head to kill a carabineer by a pistol-shot. All the body of carabineers took arms, and united with the troops of the line and the civic guard, they soon got the better of these bands of assassins. The most frightful murder which had been committed, was that of a certain Bianchi. This unhappy man was dying in his bed, and had just received

extreme unction, when they cut his throat, in spite of the entreaties of the *curé* and of the relations assembled to assist at his last moments."—*Tablet.*

FRANCE.—*Paris.*—The following is from the Paris correspondent of the *Times*:—"The most perfect calm prevails in Paris, undisturbed by the resumption to a certain extent of the noisy habits of the hawkers and venders of articles in the streets, which had ceased during the first two months of the state of siege. Business has revived, and the letters from the out-ports (Havre in particular), and from some of the manufacturing towns, concur in representing that activity is once more observable in the warehouses and factories. The Parisian Communists and Socialists, with a prudence which other parties would do well to imitate, have for the moment retired from the scene, professing themselves content with their late constitutional victory—the election of M. Raspail. The streets and Champs Elysées are again crowded with soldiers *flannant*, and a little more of *toilette* is perceptible among the promenaders to be met on the Boulevards. Notwithstanding all that has been said, and truly said, of the paucity of Republicans existing in France at the period of the Revolution, 'the Republic' would appear to be making progress in the provinces. M. Laissac, the Republican candidate, has been elected representative for the department of the Herault, in opposition to the Abbé Genoude, editor and proprietor of the *Gazette de France*. This peaceful victory of 'the Republic' is, however, sadly qualified by the progress of Socialism and Communism elsewhere. The French Government has received a telegraphic despatch announcing that the Duchess of Montpensier has been delivered of a daughter."

On Wednesday, after a very interesting debate, in which the advocates of the two systems, MM. Lamartine and Odillon Barrot, both distinguished themselves to an eminent degree, the National Assembly, by a majority of 630 votes to 289, came to a resolution that there should be only one chamber. M. de Lamartine's arguments were chiefly founded on the unsettled state of the Republic. M. Odillon Barrot powerfully answered this by pointing out that a single chamber was in fact a permanent convention, and the convention itself was never considered anything but a power of exception and passage. It never had the pretension to be considered a regular constitutional or definitive power. Next day was considered an amendment of M. de St. Hilaire, to the effect that the single chamber should be only *provisional*, leaving the question open to a future time. This was rejected, and article twenty adopted by a large majority.

On Wednesday evening the whole of the clubs into which the National Assembly is divided, held meetings to consider what course they were to follow with respect to the Article of the Constitution which fixes the mode of electing the President of the Republic, and the debate upon which was to commence on Friday.

The club of the Rue de Poitiers, after hearing speeches from MM. Thiers, Larochejaquelin, Fontane, Laussat, and several others, decided almost unanimously that it would vote for the election of the President of the Republic by universal suffrage, as is laid down in the draft of the Constitution drawn up by the committee. It decides also that it would vote for the rejection of all amendments which are to be presented for the purpose of excluding the members of families which have reigned in France, as well as the amendment of M. Sauteyra, which lays down, that every candidate for the Presidency of the Republic should have resided for the last five years, without interruption, in France, and should have never lost his quality as a Frenchman; an amendment brought forward expressly and avowedly in order to exclude Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The meeting of the Palais National (which is composed of the out-and-out followers of General Cavaignac) decided, on the contrary, that it would vote for the election of the President of the Republic by the National Assembly, in order that the choice might fall upon General Cavaignac.—*Ib.*

The Events of the Week.—The most important news of the week is from France, where, as usual, crisis succeeds to crisis. The principle of one chamber has prevailed, on the reasonable ground that there is nothing in France to give the materials for an upper chamber. It would represent nothing; neither permanent wealth, nor blood, nor rank, nor idea. The need for it is great, as a new embodiment of stability, and a check on the fury of democracy; but how can that be embodied which has no existence, and how could any such institution, the creation of the brain of

politicians, a mere paper scheme, resist for a moment, on any great question, the assaults of a power that has overthrown the slow growth of a thousand years, the monarchy and noblesse which constituted all French history up to 1792? The next political crisis is the settlement of the mode of presidential election. Is it to be by universal suffrage, or by the indirect mode—by vote of the National Assemsembly? The former, as unity of idea is so favorite a principle of the constitution, will probably gain the day. The latter mode would only tantalise the all-powerful populace by holding one important function a little out of their reach. Such mechanical safeguards are of very little use. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any "safeguard" except military despotism will really answer for years to come. There are no consecrated political principles, no ideas of stability, not to be assailed, which have any hold of the French mind. Whatever such they have are merely contrivances, devised by their speculative men, and necessarily destitute of the sanction of popular reverence or fear.

Stormy scenes are enacting, which remind us at once of the days of the convention, and of the last troubles of Louis Philippe's *régime*. The Socialists have taken to holding banquets which embarrass the revolutionary ministry, much as the reform dinners embarrassed Guizot and his king, and have caused debates of the utmost fury in the assembly, almost terminating in blows.—*Tablet.*

England.—*London.—The Bishop of Natchez.*—Bishop Chanche, of Natchez, arrived in London on Wednesday of last week. On Sunday the Bishop said Mass at Norwood, and gave an instruction to the little congregation assembled by the zeal of the Rev. M. Quiblier, formerly of Canada. We understand that whilst in Rome the Bishop received from His Holiness Pius IX, as a mark of his kindness and his esteem, besides an elegant gold chalice, a grand altar for his new cathedral. The altar is made of the splendid alabaster sent by the Dey of Egypt to the late Gregory XVI, for the altar of the magnificent new basilic of St. Paul. Prince Alexander Torlonia also made the Bishop a present of a bell, weighing three thousand pounds. This is another of the numerous deeds of religious munificence of this noble Roman Prince. The Bishop left London for Cossey Hall on Wednesday morning.—*Ibid.*

Ireland.—*State Trials.*—The trial of Mr. Smith O'Brien, M.P., for high treason, was opened on Thursday morning.

The Judges took their seats at eleven o'clock, and within a few minutes every part of the court was filled. The Countess of Donoughmore, sat in the sheriffs' box near the Judges; Lady Osborne and several other ladies were in the sheriffs' gallery, but neither Lady O'Brien nor Mrs. O'Brien were present.

Sir Lucius O'Brien and the Rev. Edward O'Brien, brothers of the prisoner, Lord Hawarden, and Lord Dudley Stuart, and also Mr. Serjeat Shee, of the English bar, were in the body of the court. General M'Donald was in the sheriffs' gallery.

The attorney-general, the solicitor-general, Mr. Scott, Q. C., Mr. Sausse, and Mr. Lynch, were the counsel for the Crown; Mr. Whiteside, Q. C., and Mr. Francis Fitzgerald appeared for the prisoner.

Before Mr. O'Brien was called upon to plead, the prisoners Tyne, Orchard, and O'Donnell were brought up, and Mr. O'Callaghan was assigned as counsel for each of them. Upon their retiring, Mr. O'Brien came to the front of the dock, and stood for some minutes leaning against the rail. He was then accommodated with a seat. He was perfectly composed, and nodded familiarly to Dr. Gray, who sat near the dock.

The clerk of the crown was about to indict him in the usual terms, when

Mr. Whiteside, Q. C., rose. The application he had to make was that the prisoner should not be called on to plead, and that his trial should be postponed until such time as the Court might deem right and sufficient to enable him to prepare his defence in a complete and satisfactory manner. The question to be discussed was, whether Mr. O'Brien was entitled, under the Acts of Parliament now applied to Ireland in cases of high treason, to a copy of the jnrors' panel, and a list of the witnesses to be examined on the part of the Crown. It was very extraordinary that living, as they (the people of Ireland) were said to live, under laws equal and similar to those of England, a prisoner tried in this country should be denied the advantage of a privilege which every Englishman enjoyed, and which went to the very root of the offence. In England parties tried for high treason were allowed to have a copy of the panel, and a list of the Crown witnesses ten clear days before the

day appointed for the trial to take place; and it was for the court to decide whether Mr. S. O'Brien should not enjoy the same advantages (being tried in Ireland) which he would obtain as a matter of right had he been tried in England. The learned counsel drew attention to several Acts of Parliament—especially that of 57 Geo. III.

The attorney-general said, the only question was, whether there was a statute in force in Ireland entitling a prisoner to a list of witnesses or a jury panel? The present indictment was altogether framed under the statute of Edward. The section of George III merely applied to a new treason, and not to the old class of treasons under the statute of Edward. As the present prosecution was under that statute, he contended that the application should not be granted.

The solicitor-general having addressed the court on the point,

Mr. Fitzgerald replied on behalf of the prisoner. It could not be contended that Ireland was directly excepted from the 57th Geo. III; it therefore devolved upon the attorney-general to prove an exclusion of the country by implication; and he contended that the 11th of Victoria plainly extended to Ireland the privilege required.

The clerk of the Crown then indicted the prisoner in the usual terms, and called upon him to plead. Mr. O'Brien was about to do so, when

Mr. Whiteside again rose and put in a plea of abatement. The plea set forth the materials of the arguments already advanced by Mr. Whiteside on the subject of the jury panel, &c. It stated that by the statute of enactment, he (Mr. O'Brien) was entitled to receive a copy of the indictment ten days before the day of trial—that the bill under which he was indicted having been found on Thursday, the 21st of September (seven days only before the period of trial), he not having received his copy of the indictment until that day week, he submitted that his trial should not proceed until the full period of ten days had elapsed from the delivery of the indictment.

The chief justice stated that the court would not receive the plea.

Mr. Whiteside considered that every reasonable plea for a prisoner who was put upon trial for his life ought to be received by the court. He never heard of a court of justice having in any instance refused such an application, and it was not, he respectfully contended, for the court to decide that a certain plea, *à priori*, before it had been fully argued, could not be received.

A discussion then took place between the counsel for the crown and counsel for the prisoner upon the right claimed for the prisoner by his counsel; at the conclusion of which, their lordships having conferred upon the matter, the chief justice stated that the court had decided on receiving the plea, leaving it open to the attorney-general to demur to it or not, as he should think proper. The attorney-general then demurred to the plea; and the court refusing to allow the validity of the plea, decided that the prisoner should forthwith plead to the indictment.

Mr. O'Brien then pleaded not guilty, in a clear and audible voice.

Mr. Whiteside then asked, as a matter of favor, that Mr. O'Brien's counsel should be furnished with a copy of the jury panel for a few hours before the commencement of the trial, in order that they might have an opportunity of looking over it. To justify the reasonableness of his request the learned counsel cited some English trials for high treason where the prisoners had been allowed a copy of the panel one day before the trial.

The attorney-general opposed the application.

The chief justice observed that without the attorney-general's consent, the court could not accede to the application.

The clerk of the crown then called over the jury panel. The jurors upon it were, for the most part, persons of property. The attendance was numerous—201 jurors having answered to their names out of a panel of 288.

Mr. Fitzgerald put in a challenge to the jury array on the ground that it had not been constructed according to the act; and, second, because usually the panel consisted of one-third Catholics, but the present contained not more than one-eighteenth, the seventeen-eighteenths being Protestants. After some hours delay, occupied by counsel in replication and rejoinder, two of the grand jury were appointed as triers.

Mr. Whiteside then briefly stated the questions which the triers had been appointed to decide. The first question was whether the jurors' book had been made for the current year, pursuant to the act of parliament. The

second was whether the panel had been fairly and impartially arrayed between the Crown and the prisoner.

After examining the clerk of the peace and the sub-sheriff, the judge said, the question there raised was whether or not the precept issued before the October sessions was issued pursuant to the acts in "that case" made and provided. It was alleged on behalf of the prisoner, that the precept should have issued after the October sessions, and not at an antecedent period. It was his duty to tell the jury that it was not necessary that the precept should have issued after the October sessions, and that the act of parliament did not contain a syllable justifying the construction which had been put upon it. The objection to the panel was therefore untenable, and he would direct the jury to find against the challenge upon the first count. The jury found accordingly.

Mr. Whiteside then addressed the jury of triers upon the second question—namely, whether the panel had been fairly and impartially arrayed between the crown and the prisoner. His client, Mr. Smith O'Brien, was then on his life, and, to speak very shortly and simply his opinion on the matter, he believed that if he was not tried by a fairly and impartially selected jury, it would make little difference whether the crown tried him with such a jury or took him out of court and shot him through the head upon the high road. In this instance no less than 100 Roman Catholics had been struck off the panel, and so very few had been retained upon it that Mr. O'Brien's right of challenge was little better than a farce. Several witnesses were then examined as to the exclusion of Roman Catholics, from whose evidence it appeared that there were not more than 17 or 18 Catholics on a panel of 288; that several Roman Catholics who had usually served as jurors had been excluded from the present list, whilst not one Protestant who had usually served had been omitted.

Richard Pennefather, Esq., the high sheriff, and Mr. Goring, the sub-sheriff, were examined, and declared on their oath that they did not leave any out on account of their religion.

The judge then addressed the jury of triers. He commented on the whole of the evidence, and in doing so stated his opinion that there was nothing in any part of it which in the slightest respect proved that corruption or partiality had been evinced either by the high sheriff or the sub-sheriff in the discharge of their several duties, in relation to the preparation of the panel.

The jury found against the challenge upon the second question as they had already done upon the first.

The court was then adjourned to ten o'clock on the following morning.—*Tablet.*

AUSTRIA.—*Insurrection at Vienna.—Flight of the Emperor.*—A frightful insurrection has taken place at Vienna; the minister of war has been murdered; the emperor has again taken to flight, and his capital, arsenal and all, is in the hands of the victorious insurgents, whilst his imperial power is at present exercised by the constituent assembly. During some time past, the democrats had been actively engaged in propagating among the military the principle of fraternisation with the people. Their labors were not unsuccessful, particularly among the German grenadiers in garrison at Vienna, and accordingly the authorities resolved to send two battalions of that corps out of the capital, and to forward them with an escort of cavalry to Moravia. This created great discontent, and early in the morning of the 6th inst. some national guards and members of the academic legion, went to the northern railway station, and broke up part of the line, to prevent the departure of the grenadiers. The officer then ordered the troops to march to Sanseradorf, intending to despatch them further from that station. The national guards, who by this time had greatly increased in numbers, immediately opposed this order of the commanding officer, and stopped the passage of the troops by erecting a barricade on the Tabor bridge. The populace took possession of the other bridges, and invited the grenadiers to place themselves on their protection. This invitation was accepted, and the escort of cavalry retired. Before ten o'clock, an imposing body of troops (principally from Gallicia and Bohemia), plentifully provided with artillery, drew up near the railway station. On the other hand, the academic legion, *en masse*, and numbers of national guards came to the aid of the grenadiers, now in a state of open revolt. About half-past ten a small number of working men got possession of four guns, and drew them up in front of the troops in the vicinity of the railway. Firing then commenced on both sides, and continued for some time, until

General Bredy, who commanded the imperial troops, was shot from his horse. His men them fled, and the victors entered the city, and took possession of all the gates except the Burghton. A popular council of war and a central committee were hastily formed and measures were taken for preventing the arrival of fresh troops. Two of the captured guns were planted in the square of the university, and the bastion defended by the artillery of the national guard. Shortly after noon national guards arrived from Wiednitz and other adjacent places, and were welcomed by the people.

Shortly after three P. M., three companies of pioneers entered the capital through the Burghton, and were driven back, after a sharp contest. Barricades were erected in the leading thoroughfares. Towards half-past five the soldiers who were defending the office of the minister of war were either killed or driven away. The assailants rushed into the house, and having discovered Count Latour (the minister of war) in his hiding place, they despatched him, suspended his body from a lamp post in the garden, and exposed it to all kinds of indignities. All the papers of the count fell into the possession of the populace. The papers were conveyed to the university, the head-quarters of the insurgents. Since three o'clock the democratical portion of the constituent assembly had been assembled; several of the leading members, of the ministerial side had already taken their departure for Prague. Smolka was called to the chair, and the diet then declared itself *en permanence* and formed a committee of safety with executive power.

By this time the military had been driven away from all points except the arsenal, which was held by a strong force. Towards half-past six the attack on that edifice was commenced by the national guards and the armed workmen, with the aid of the artillery on the bastions. The contest raged without intermission during the entire night. At seven next morning the arsenal was surrendered to the people, who entered the building and helped themselves to all kinds of weapons, of which there was a plentiful supply.

During the night the diet issued four proclamations, declaring their intention of applying to the monarch to replace the present Ministry by a popular one, to recall his manifesto relating to the appointment of Baron Jellachich as commissioner for Hungary, and to commence a general amnesty.

The equivocal way in which the emperor answered that part of the demand of the diet which related to the withdrawal of the manifesto, and the proclaiming of an amnesty, increased the discontent.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Hewel's Pictorial Edition of the Catholic New Testament. New York: part 1, pp. 32.

This undertaking is conducted under the editorial supervision of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, which is a guaranty that the work will be accurately published. It is embellished with numerous illustrations, which will no doubt obtain for it a wide circulation. It is the first illustrated edition of the Catholic Testament that has yet appeared in the United States, and we trust that the publisher will be compensated for the expensive efforts which he has made in this useful enterprize.

Shandy M'Guire. New York: E. Dunigan & Bro. Part 2.

We have received from Messrs. Dunigan the second and concluding part of this very interesting and able work.

Ellen Middleton. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. Pp. 328.

The story which bears this title was written whilst the authoress was a member of the Anglican communion, as the Puseyite tone of it plainly indicates. Independently of this, however beautifully she may write the English language, this does not suffice to impart a character of usefulness to a book, which is filled with romantic and exaggerated views of life. Such books as these do not suit the present age.